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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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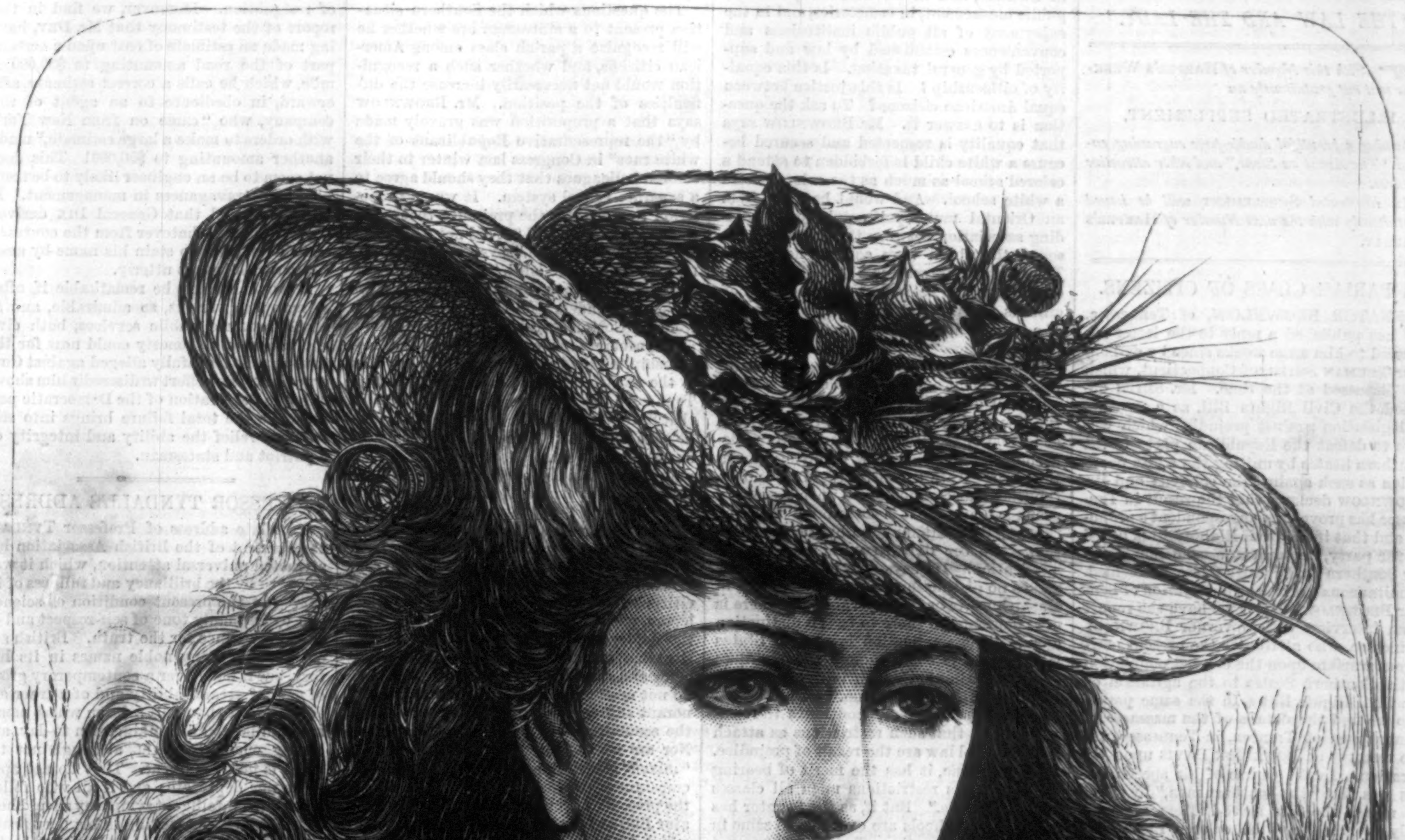

AUTUMN.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 26, 1874.

☞ About the first of October a new and powerful Novel by Wilkie Collins, splendidly illustrated, will be commenced in Harper's Weekly, to be continued for about six months, entitled

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "The Artist on Stone," and other attractive features.

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A PARIAH CLASS OF CITIZENS.

Senator Brownlow, of Tennessee, has published a reply to the letter addressed to him some weeks since by ex-Senator Truman Smith, of Connecticut, which we discussed at the time. Mr. Smith opposed the Civil Rights Bill, as a measure of legislation against prejudice which was sure to defeat the Republican party in the Southern States by uniting the white population as such against the colored; and Mr. Brownlow declares that the result in Tennessee has proved his correspondent a prophet, and that if the Civil Rights Bill is urged by the party, Republican ascendency in every Southern and border State is doomed. Simultaneously with the publication of Senator Brownlow's letter we have the report of an interview with Governor Brown, of Tennessee, who attributes the present murderous warfare upon the colored population in the Southern States to the agitation of the Civil Rights Bill. In the same papers also we find the details of the massacre of colored men at Trenton, in Tennessee, and the remarks of Jefferson Davis upon the occasion. In the course of his speech Davis says that "the Southern men," by which he means the late slave-holders, are "the only friends they [the colored race] have to-day in any part of the world," and that they will always require the white man to provide for them and protect them as much as they ever did.

These are but illustrations of the fact that statesmanship in this country has still to deal with the old difficulty, and it will still deal with it through the old parties. Senator Brownlow's complaint is that "certain Republican leaders, either ignorant or indifferent as to consequences, propose as a party measure that which the whole white people of the South regard with abhorrence as an effort to degrade them." This tone of injury is precisely that which "the South" has always adopted. When the slave power absolutely controlled the government, and its plot for the acquisition of Texas was in the very act of consummation, Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, in reply to a proposition that the new territory should be divided between freedom and slavery, said that "'the South' has been wantonly wronged, insulted, and betrayed," and that "the North" was trying "to instigate hatred, insurrection, and violence." Yet what "the North" demanded was the plainest justice. And what does the policy that Senator Brownlow opposes contemplate? Nothing whatever but the equality before the law of all citizens of the United States—nothing but the fundamental principle of the Republican party. The Senator says that "both races are now perfectly equal in the enjoyment of free-school privileges in Tennessee." If they are so, nothing more can be asked; and if they are so, the Civil Rights Bill can certainly produce no trouble so far as the schools are concerned, for its object is simply to secure that equality. But if there be perfect equality in the schools, what is the reason that a proposition to secure it will "doom" the Republican party and make its very name odious, which the Senator declares will be the result?

This question seems to have occurred to him, and he explains the "perfect equality" by saying that "the school law in this State does not in any way affect the equality of the races in the enjoyment of the public schools; it only affects them in their social aspects by providing that they shall be educated in separate schools." But what has the law to do with "social aspects?" This is the very objection urged against the Civil Rights Bill. The Alabama and Indiana Democratic conventions denounce it as attempting social coercion. Mr. Smith implies the same thing in his letter. Does Senator Brownlow justify social coercion either way, and does he not see that the people of a State which does not recoil from social legislation can not complain upon that ground of the action of Congress? But is it true that equality of citizenship is not affected by a law which requires children of a particular color to be educated in separate schools? If the principle is sound in the school system, it is no less so elsewhere. If, therefore, there may be lawful distinctions of color in the schools, there may be the same in conveyances, in hotels, in theatres, and in all licensed places of public amusement, in cemeteries, and in the enjoyment of all public institutions and conveniences established by law and supported by general taxation. Is this equality of citizenship? Is this justice between equal American citizens? To ask the question is to answer it. Mr. Brownlow says that equality is respected and secured because a white child is forbidden to attend a colored school as much as the colored child a white school. And would he infer from an Oriental municipal regulation forbidding association between the lepers and the sound that both were equally healthful? The question is, why is the distinction in one point made between the two classes of citizens, and is it not in itself the indication of a spirit which menaces that equality altogether?

The intention of the amended Constitution is evident and undeniable. It is to remove all distinction among citizens before the law arising from race, color, or previous condition of servitude. It is equally undeniable that the State law requiring education in separate schools recognizes and establishes a distinction based upon those very grounds, and that it is therefore a denial of the equality contemplated by the Constitution. Senator Brownlow admits this by implication. He says, "It is true the law makes no distinction on account of color in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, but there is not color enough there to base a distinction upon." The implication is that in States where there is color enough the law does make a distinction which is distinctly forbidden by the Constitution. "But the editor of *Harper's Weekly*," continues the Senator, "says that such restrictions as attach to our school law are the result of prejudice. If this be true, it has the merit of bearing equally in its restrictions upon all classes and both races." But if, as the Senator has told us, the schools are exactly the same in point of the education afforded, why are not all the children taught together? Is it not for the reason that he and Governor Brown and Mr. Smith and others have already mentioned, that the whites will shut up all the schools, and take all the consequences, rather than submit to have their children taught with the colored children?

This is what the Senator vehemently asserts. Can he then deny the truth of our remark that the distinction is due to a prejudice? And does he think that equality of citizenship is maintained when a stigma arising from prejudice is cast upon a certain class by law? No, he does not think so, as he shows by saying, after all his insistence upon the equality of the law, "It is the part of wise statesmanship to respect the prejudices of the people to a certain extent, and *it is entirely evident that this prejudice must be respected in Tennessee, or the free schools destroyed.*" Here he concedes all that we have said upon prejudice as the ground of the law; and the only question between us is to what extent and in what way statesmanship should respect prejudice.

One evident rule is that every constitutional right must be protected, because to yield any of them to prejudice is merely to embolden the prejudice to demand more. Another rule is that the sources and character of the prejudice must be carefully considered, that the logical consequences of yielding to it may be perceived.

Now if the mere suspicion of a reaction against the Republican party in the Northern States has produced such outrages against the colored population as we have recently seen in the Southern States, what ought to be expected if the Republican party itself should openly respect the prejudices from which the outrages spring? If equal rights in the schools may be denied, so, as we have said, they may be denied every where, and the special reason that they are demanded in the schools is the conviction that if not granted there they will be denied elsewhere. Nor is this apprehension unfounded. The inequality is enforced in all public institutions and conveniences. The colored citizen can not occupy a saloon cabin upon the steamer, nor an educated and well-bred mulatto woman sit in the ladies' car upon the railroad, and at hotels there is often a separate table. And Senator Brownlow's "equality" in the separation is not maintained; for the quality of the accommodation is always inferior. Why should it be different in the separate schools? The equality is not demanded because of any spirit of social aggression upon the part of the colored citizens, which, indeed, they have not shown. The Alabama Republican Convention says—and truly, as experience proves—"We neither desire nor seek the invasion of the rights of the white people by the colored; we only ask equal advantages in matters of public and common right;" and again, "The Republican party does not desire or seek mixed schools or mixed accommodations for the colored people, but they ask that all of these advantages shall be equal."

The questions which the Southern situation present to a statesman are whether he will recognize a pariah class among American citizens, and whether such a recognition would not necessarily increase the difficulties of the position. Mr. Brownlow says that a proposition was gravely made by "the representative Republicans of the white race" in Congress last winter to their colored colleagues that they should agree to a separate school system. It was a proposition to recognize the prejudice that made their race pariahs, and "it did not receive respectful consideration," says Senator Brownlow, bitterly. He adds, "It was scornfully rejected by the boot-blacks, barbers, pastry-cooks, bar-tenders, and thieves in Congress from the Cotton States." These words show the contemptuous prejudice which statesmanship is asked to "respect." When this is the spirit of a Republican Senator from Tennessee, the result of the late election in that State is intelligible enough. But when he asks us to make it the spirit of the party, as the proof of a true statesmanship, we are painfully reminded of the days when we were told that true statesmanship required us to concede that the precedent of Onesimus settled the Christianity and wisdom of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Brownlow, in common with the dominant Southern sentiment, would recognize an inferior class of citizens under the Constitution—political lepers, pariahs. We certainly do not deny the deplorable difficulties of the Southern situation, nor are we dealing with the character and capacity of the colored race. We do not need to be taught the evils of an ignorant suffrage, nor to learn detestation of the scoundrels who corrupt and mislead it. Nor are we insisting upon what are called "mixed" associations *per se*. But in the circumstances of the Southern States, and in the presence of that prejudice for which Senator Brownlow pleads, and of the force of which he is so conspicuous an example, we are very sure that the equality constitutionally guaranteed to the colored citizens can not be maintained if the sentiment which has freed them consents that they shall be made pariahs. If the reasons for which we are asked to assent to a distinction of races before the law are valid, they should cause us to acknowledge the fundamental error of reconstruction, and to acquiesce in the restoration of a party which would need but a hint from public opinion to reverse the whole Republican policy.

THE SLANDER UPON GOVERNOR DIX.

The attack upon Governor Dix for alleged extortion and collusion with fraud in his relations to the Union Pacific Railroad Company has totally failed. An article in the *Times*, evidently written with the most authentic knowledge, disposes of it so conclusively that the only reply attempted is a repetition of the charges. The Governor was accused of refusing to appear before the Congressional committee of investigation. But his own letters and dispatches show that he requested an opportunity to give his evidence, if the committee desired it. He was further accused of blackmailing the company to the amount of $50,000. This charge is founded upon testimony of Oakes Ames, who said that General Dix wrote a letter demanding a sum of money "for I do not know what." The fact is that the General never wrote such a letter. Mr. Ames did not say that he had seen it; and when General Slocum, a Democrat, was pressing Mr. Horace F. Clark, the president of the road, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a large sum of money was not paid to General Dix while minister in France for an attempted negotiation of the bonds of the company, Mr. Clark, in reply to a question of Mr. George Hoar, said, "I have no personal knowledge on the subject; and the first time that the matter was ever called to my attention was during the political campaign just passed," when General Dix was candidate for Governor. The truth is that $50,000 were awarded by Mr. Cisco, who had been treasurer of the company during General Dix's presidency, and the friends of the general, as a just settlement with him for the value of his stock and the arrears of his salary.

The charge in regard to the Hoxie contract is that General Dix was responsible for a virtual fraud of five millions of dollars. His responsibility was the same as that of the special committee of the directors; and the government directors, five in number, considered that the terms of the contract were justified by the peculiar exigencies of the company, which are stated by the *Times*. Mr. Dey, the engineer in charge, who wrote a letter of resignation to General Dix because of his unwillingness to approve the contract upon the ground of its extravagance, had had difficulties with the directors, and did not mention his objection to the Hoxie contract until he wrote his letter of resignation. Moreover, we find in the report of the testimony that Mr. Dey, having made an estimate of cost upon a certain part of the road amounting to $30,000 a mile, which he calls a correct estimate, afterward, in obedience to an agent of the company, who "came on from New York with orders to make a large estimate," made another amounting to $50,000! This does not seem to be an engineer likely to be troubled by extravagances in management. It is not asserted that General Dix derived any advantage whatever from the contract, and the attempt to stain his name by association with it fails utterly.

It would, indeed, be remarkable if, after so many, so various, so admirable, and so long-continued public services, both civil and military, dishonesty could now for the first time be truthfully alleged against Governor Dix. The effort to discredit him shows only the desperation of the Democratic party, while the total failure brings into still stronger relief the ability and integrity of a patriot and statesman.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S ADDRESS.

The late address of Professor Tyndall as president of the British Association has attracted universal attention, which it well deserves by the brilliancy and fullness of its survey of the present condition of science, and by its manly tone of self-respect and of entire reverence for the truth. British science counts many noble names in its history, but it had never a contemporary group of men of greater ability and of a truer scientific spirit than half a dozen whose names are familiar to all thinking men to-day, and among whom Tyndall, although not the chief, is justly eminent. They do not apologize nor deprecate; and if all who follow them with intelligent sympathy should heed John Morley's teaching in his *Compromise*, we should all probably be astonished by the vast number of those who are unwilling to say what they think. In his late address Professor Tyndall speaks plainly, but in the most excellent spirit, and with lofty enthusiasm. There is nothing defiant, or truculent, or arrogant in his tone, which every polemic might wisely adopt, and what he says can be successfully controverted only by those whose knowledge is greater or who can reason more soundly. It is useless to hurl authority, tradition, and general opinion at a man who is sincerely seeking the truth. The history of the Christian martyrs and of all earnest seekers shows that the stake and the rack could not prevent the human mind from tending and struggling toward truth, like a flower toward the light; and what fire and water could not accomplish, foul and furious epithets can hardly achieve.

Professor Tyndall's address has been accepted as the gospel of what is called materialism by those who attach an offensive sense to the word. He is declared to have denied God, and to have proclaimed that dead matter can of itself generate life. But no such general and loose statements are just either to those who make them or to Tyndall himself. He does not deny the existence of God, as a careful reading of the address will show. He is discussing the origin of life, and we must remember that in that discussion if at the end of any process of analysis, any series of development or ages of evolution, an unknown impetus or mysterious originating power is conceded, that power may be what is called personal and conscious, and thus the idea of God be fully developed. Now what Professor Tyndall says is this: "I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." He immediately adds, however, that this "materialism" may be different from what his hearers suppose, and he proceeds to say: "In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find that power out."

Thus Tyndall says, in substance, that there is an inscrutable power which acts through evolution in developing life and the spectacle of nature, and he quotes to illustrate his meaning the words in which Job describes God. Certainly that statement is not inconsistent with the idea of God. Tyndall also quotes Darwin himself, the most famous expounder of evolution, as pushing his analysis of the origination of life to "one primordial form;" but he does not say how this form was introduced. Darwin, indeed, cites with satisfaction the words of a celebrated divine, who declares that it is as noble a conception of the Deity to suppose that he created a few original forms as that every thing originated in a fresh act of creation. The truth is that Tyndall leaves the origin of life an open question. To say that what is called matter has "the promise and potency of life" is not to say that the promise and potency are self-derived, and therefore it is not to say that matter originates life. And it is in this carefully guarded statement of Tyndall that we presume his fellow-evolutionists, like St. George Mivart, who is a Roman Catholic, and others who are of other Christian sects, will unite, holding that it does not deny or disprove God.

We do not suppose, of course, that Professor Tyndall in choosing his words was anxious to appear to say what he did not mean or think. His only care as a scientific man was to state precisely what he did think, and to reject with serenity the claim of any other man or body of men under any pretense whatever to limit or direct his freedom of thought. He believes, with every man of a truly scientific or truth-loving spirit, as his friend Professor Huxley said in his address, that "the only question for any man is this, 'Is this true or is it false?' No other question can possibly be taken into consideration until that one is settled." It is the truth of things, and not any preconceived or merely traditional theory of things, which science seeks. It does not deny God, it merely affirms truth. If Tyndall, or Huxley, or Darwin, or Bastian, or Spencer, or Mivart, or any man of science, or doctor of theology, or metaphysical speculator misstates facts, or reasons erroneously upon them, or shows a hateful spirit, let him be exposed and discredited. Professor Huxley wisely says:

> "It is not necessary for any man to occupy himself with problems of this kind unless he so choose. Life is full enough, filled amply to the brim, by the performance of its ordinary duties; but let me warn you, let me beg you to believe, that if a man elect to give a judgment upon these great questions; still more, if he assume to himself the responsibility of attaching praise or blame to his fellow-men for the judgments which they may venture to express—I say, that unless he would commit a sin more grievous than most of the breaches of the decalogue, let him avoid a lazy reliance upon the information that is gathered by prejudice and filtered through passion."

LOUISIANA.

The recent transfer of troops to Louisiana is strictly legal. The act of 1871 provides that where unlawful combinations or conspiracies shall deprive any class of people of their rights, and the State authorities shall fail to afford protection, the President shall take such measures as he deems necessary to suppress the lawlessness. This provision covers a conspiracy of the lawful authorities of the State as well as of riotous persons, and is doubtless intended to keep the State always open to the entrance of the national power. It is an immense discretion which is thus intrusted to the President, and he is bound to be very wary in its exercise. One of the first conditions of its exercise would seem to be that in case of mere lawless rioting the authority of the State should be considered adequate to deal with the mischief until the State authorities appeal in the usual way for protection against domestic violence.

Here, for instance, is the case of Louisiana. There have been wanton and atrocious massacres of innocent citizens. The first duty of Governor Kellogg, who is in full political sympathy with the Administration, is to employ, if necessary, the whole force of the State to restore order and to bring the assassins to justice. Should he find that he is unable to do it, he should promptly call upon the President. But a wise Governor would be very slow to believe that he could not do it, because he would know that the appeal to the national authority should, in the interest of the principle of local administration, be deferred to the last moment. It is true that under the law we have mentioned the President need not wait for the application of the Governor, but he should certainly presume that the Governor can deal with the trouble until he declares that he can not. When, however, serious trouble in a State begins and becomes threatening, and it appears probable that the national force will be required, it is the part of wisdom to be ready. The President is not bound to hold his force in such positions and at such distances that there must be grievous delays before he can bring it to bear. He is to use his common-sense, and to act with all sagacity as well as legality.

This is the position of the President toward Louisiana. He is satisfied that there are threatening combinations in the State. He sees, as we all see, that there are serious troubles. He knows the condition of feeling which may easily lead to tumults beyond the power of an executive in the position of Governor Kellogg to control; and he therefore directs the Secretary of War, in consultation with the Attorney-General, to "so order troops as to be available in case of necessity." The Attorney-General informs the United States marshals and attorneys in Louisiana and elsewhere that unlawful combinations menace the civil rights of citizens of the United States within their jurisdiction, and instructs them to prosecute the offenders, apprising them that troops will be stationed to aid them in case of necessity. He also warns the officers that the troops are for the protection of all peaceable citizens, to enforce lawful process, and for no other purpose. Thus there will be a national and a State prosecution of offenders in Louisiana—a situation which, under the circumstances, is to be deprecated. For, again, if the State is equal to the emergency, the national power is superfluous; and if the State is unequal to it, the Governor should call upon the President.

The Democratic Committee of Louisiana protest furiously against the Governor and his "usurpation," and against the "judicial persecution" in store for them. They declare that it is intended merely as a political and party measure to sustain and perpetuate "an odious usurpation gnawing at the vitals of the State," and accuse Governor Kellogg of instigating the troubles as an excuse for national intervention. The committee would have aroused more sympathy had they denounced instead of extenuating such a slaughter as that of Coushatta, and had they declared the inflexible purpose of their party to sustain the State authorities in restoring order. Certainly the manifesto is not that of those who could be wisely intrusted with the control of the State. The miserable situation of Louisiana is evident enough; and while the President has in no point exceeded his powers, we wish that, making every preparation for necessary interference, he had thrown upon the State authorities the responsibility of restoring order.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXVIII.

An opera-house at Paris is thought one of the necessary circumstances of French political life. The common schools may starve—the peasants of Brittany languish in a deep ignorance which has left them little more intelligence than the brutes they drive—the taxes have grown so heavy as to check production—the government finds itself with a considerable deficiency in its revenue, yet money has been found in all its distresses to lavish on the marbles, the statues, and the gilding of that costly and useless Odeum which was one of the latest follies of the imperial rule. A million of dollars was recently raised by a loan to complete or carry on the magnificent building. How many more millions it has cost or must cost no one cares to know. The honor of France, it seems, is pledged to finish the Parisian opera-house, and the useless bauble grows daily under a tax upon all the people. It is one of the lingering superstitions of French politics that the whole country is concerned to adorn and beautify Paris, and to lay out for incautious and wealthy strangers such temptations as no mere human discretion can resist; to make its capital the Circe of the nations, the universal café and theatre, the realm of perpetual gayety and song. The opera-house, with its peculiar front, eccentric, low, irregular, and far from attractive, looks upon one of the fairest of the boulevards. One could scarcely suppose from a distant view that this strange and graceless building, whose exterior has but one tolerable side, and that at first almost repulsive, was the most costly and the most splendid of the European theatres. It is only upon a close examination that its lavish decorations appear. Its front is adorned with sculpture so exquisite as to attract universal admiration. But its statues are so immodest and barbaric as to have drawn out the condemnation even of Parisian critics. Simplicity and purity have no place in the imperial Odeum, and the example of Pericles has been forgotten by his modern imitator. Gilded tongues of grotesque forms line and crown the long façade. Marble and gold blend in the rich colonnade. The sunlight gleams like fire on the pinnacles of the temple of the Muse, and when the strong radiance falls upon it the eccentric building glows like a gem from Oriental architecture, a Venetian fragment, or an Arabic tomb.

The interior of the opera-house is a wilderness of marble staircases and painted ceilings, of artistic labors upon which the imitative genius of France has wasted itself in ceaseless toil. One artist, M. Baudry, we are told by M. About, has passed six years in the chill precincts of the rising building, hidden from the world, lost amidst his casts and cartoons, planning and perfecting the frescoes for the dressing-rooms and halls. He is said to be one of the finest of French painters, and has given himself to his almost self-chosen duty, with but a small remuneration, and chiefly from a sense of patriotism. He paints for the glory of France; and M. About boasts that when the opera-house is finished, and M. Baudry has completed his labors, the graces of the Venetian ceilings and walls will have been outdone by his countryman, and Paris rival the City of the Sea. Yet one can not but lament the waste of so much labor, patriotic ardor, and real self-devotion; for when the opera-house is finished, only the gay and careless, the wealthy, the profligate, and the corrupt, will be permitted to enjoy the rich interior of M. Baudry, and gaze with a transient interest upon what has cost the artist years of devoted self-sacrifice, and the people of France so much money. Those who have contributed their poor earnings to build it will be excluded from its doors, and the temple of the Muses will be consecrated to the pleasures of the few, who are already sated with luxurious ease. As the nation has reared the costly edifice in the midst of its pains and sorrows, it would be well if it could be applied to some national purpose. It would make an excellent public school. With some alterations in its most objectionable decorations, the opera-house might be transformed into a free college, where the people of France might study music, painting, letters, and philosophy, and where accomplished professors might give a new impulse to the spread of popular education.

All over Paris, on both sides of the river, magnificent buildings are rising from their ashes, or are already so nearly completed as to leave but little trace of the ravages of the Commune. Yet there are prints of the blazing city exposed for sale in the shop windows that recall all the terrors of those days and nights three years ago, when it seemed as if the thunder-bolts of heaven had fallen upon unhappy Paris. The fires that consumed its fairest quarters, the shrieks of the wounded, the shot, the shells, the civil war within its walls, the triumphant enemy without, rise before the fancy at these painful memorials, and the people as they pass by stop in crowds to look at what they have endured. Almost a new city has sprung up under the lavish outlay of the municipal authorities. The Palace of Justice, across the Seine, presents a new and fairer front, crowned with its ancient pinnacles that seem to have escaped the flames almost unharmed. Great blocks of buildings that perished altogether have been wholly renewed. The Hôtel de Ville, famous for many a gathering of sanguinary rulers, filled in former years with rare and rich decorations, the pride of mediæval Paris, was the most splendid of the trophies of the relentless Commune. It was reduced to ashes, with all its priceless and venerable curiosities. But the new building is already nearly completed, destined, it may be hoped, to a less mournful history than its predecessor. The churches generally escaped. On the Madeleine the marks of shot and shell are still apparent. St. Roche was spared. The Pantheon was saved by a sudden repulse of its assailants. Except its wasted and ominous front of shattered ruins that rises over its gardens and closes the fairest vista of Paris, the Tuileries has been rebuilt, its walls covered with a revival of the rich carving in fruits and flowers that adorned it of old, and its lofty and graceful pinnacles again tower over the river—a happy revival of the conceptions of the earlier artists. Why its most conspicuous part has been left unrenewed does not appear. No city ever suffered so complete a destruction of its finest public buildings as Paris, and in none was so great a loss as rapidly repaired. The soft and pliant stone used in Parisian architecture, which hardens upon exposure to the air, and is almost as malleable as wax to the sculptor's chisel, accounts for something of the ease with which the historical buildings have been renewed. It would have been impossible to have carved in granite the rich designs that cover the new Tuileries. Nor is it probable that London or New York would have recovered in many years from so great a disaster. But Paris and France have cheerfully incurred a fresh weight of taxes to rebuild their useless palaces. It is impossible, indeed, not to admire the self-devotion of the French people—if in fact the people have ever been consulted—in their profuse liberality to the restoration of their fallen city. Plainer and more useful buildings might well have taken the place of the grand Hôtel de Ville and the regal Tuileries. The city is already weighed down by an immense debt. Its chief income arises from a tax on food, and twenty-five millions of dollars are raised annually at the gates by a heavy impost on the necessaries of life. Every egg and every cabbage is doubled in price that Paris may shine in architectural splendor, and its boulevards glitter with ostentatious luxury. Nor do the people seem to have any share in regulating their own expenditure. The Préfets and Maires of Paris are appointed by M'Mahon. The city has no self-government. Its resources are squandered at the command of the ministry of the Septennate. The Communists revolted to gain the privilege of electing their own municipal officers. Bad government and incessant peculations have been the lot of Paris for many a year, and it is credibly asserted that it already possesses an army of two hundred thousand beggars, the natural fruits of an imperial rule.

From the flames of the blazing city the Louvre happily escaped. The palace of Francis and Catherine has been turned to a somewhat more useful purpose than harboring a royal household. Its chambers, that once rang with the fiercest extremes of mad gayety and enormous crimes, are now peopled by the silent memorials of every period of the past. In one chamber all Etruria has poured out its store of urns, cups, and vases; in another, Greece offers the fragments, torn and discolored, of its hosts of statues. Here the richest productions of the modern artists of Sèvres outshine in grandeur and splendor the works of the Ceramicus or Volaterræ. In another room the French plastic art is seen commencing with the labors and genius of Palissy the Potter. Here are shown the fair vases and cups the saint-like workman prepared for Francis I. or Catherine de Medicis; and it is plain that had the spirit of Palissy been suffered to rule in his ungrateful country, French art would have lost forever its mediæval grossness. It was the extirpation of Huguenot refinement that called back the barbarism of the past. The Louvre, too, opens its long array of the paintings of all ages freely to all, and the imitative art, the first step in human progress, is here illustrated by the rude outlines of the earlier centuries and the polished works of the Italian masters. Engravings and crayon sketches, etchings and the first rude efforts of the designer, cover the walls of several rooms. But in others the memories of its royal occupants are still preserved. A portrait of Henri II. looks down from the chamber in which he slept. The building is an immense quadrangle, inclosing a court, and entered by several gates. On one side is the range of apartments in which Catherine and her son Charles IX. lived; in another, on a fatal night, Henry of Navarre and his wife Margaret heard the tolling of the bells of St. Bartholomew. Through yonder chambers Catherine stalked like a new Medea, urging her son to a dreadful crime; through yonder corridor Margaret fled from her mother's rage; here in the court fell, one by one, the noblest of Frenchmen, who might have reformed and saved their country; in yonder corner rose a pile of the corpses of the murdered Huguenots. Art has since striven to purify the Louvre from its fearful memories, and to supply to Paris and France the sources of humane progress. The people have been educated by miles of painted canvas, by operas and cafés chantants, by a Louvre teeming with the treasures of antiquity, by actors of Etruscan skill, and dancers more agile than those of Mitylene; yet art and despotism have aspired to replace Huguenot refinement in vain. France has pined and sighed for the free atmosphere of a higher civilization. In the place of art, it demands religion; instead of warfare, education. In their place it has received a modern paganism and a culture in the worship of exterior forms. One gentle Palissy might teach it more than all its Louvres and its Madeleines.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In his final report on the recent expedition to the Black Hills, General Custer reiterates the statement that gold is found in large quantities in that region, and advises further exploration and peaceful settlement. The Indians, however, object to all such plans and refuse to listen to proposals of purchase.

Large quantities of arms intended for the use of the White League Clubs in New Orleans have been seized by the police in that city. Some of the cases of muskets sent there by the steam-ship *City of Dallas*, from New York, were entered on the steamer's manifest as various kinds of merchandise.

The long-continued drought is doing great injury throughout the country. In some regions there has been no rain of any consequence for three months. In Canada the pastures are drying up, and the cattle are starving.

The September returns of the Department of Agriculture show a very heavy decline in the prospects of the cotton crop in all the States except Virginia, where it about holds its own.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Francois Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the eminent statesman and writer, died, September 13, at his residence, Valvidier, France, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

The German and Austrian ministers have presented their credentials to President Serrano, in accordance with the instructions of their respective governments.

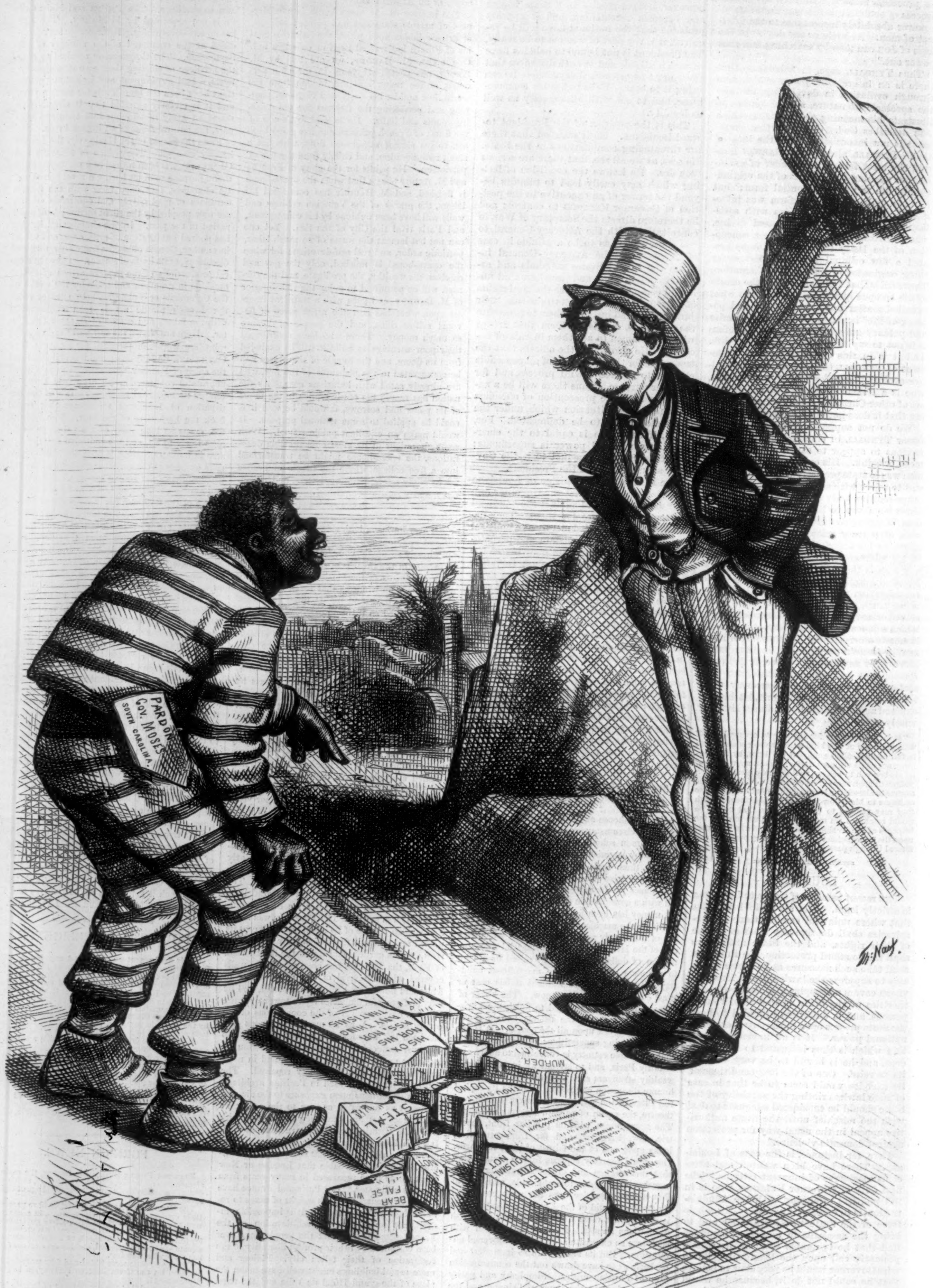
The French government continues its repressive policy toward the press. The sale of *L'Événement* in the streets has been prohibited, and the *Journal des Débats* has received a warning.

Twenty persons were killed and fifty wounded by a collision on the Great Eastern Railway, in England, September 11.

It is reported that the government of Prussia is going to expel all foreign priests, monks, and nuns from that country.

Mr. Haber, the German consul at Hakodadi, Japan, was recently killed by a native, who says he was actuated by a demon.

It is reported that the difficulty between Japan and China in regard to Formosa will be settled by arbitration, and that the case will be submitted to the President of the United States and the King of Italy.


PARDON
GOV. MOSES
SOUTH CAROLINA.
HIS OX, NOR HIS ASS, NOR ANY THING THAT IS HIS
COVET
MURDER
THOU SHALT DO NO
STEAL
BEAR FALSE WITNE
THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY
THOU SHAL NOT
I
II
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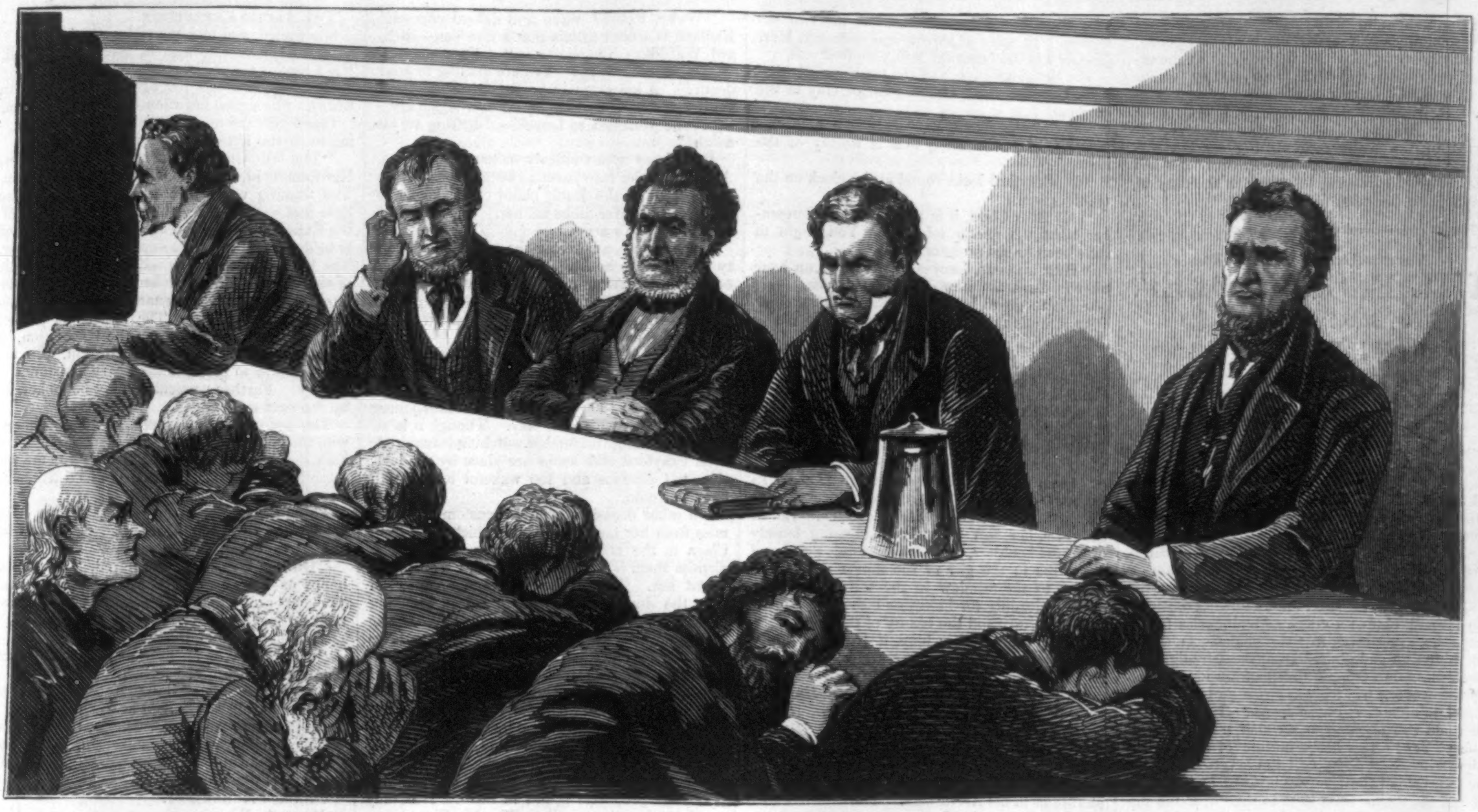
Th. Nast.

THE COMMANDMENTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

"We've pretty well smashed that; but I suppose, Massa MOSES, you can get another one."



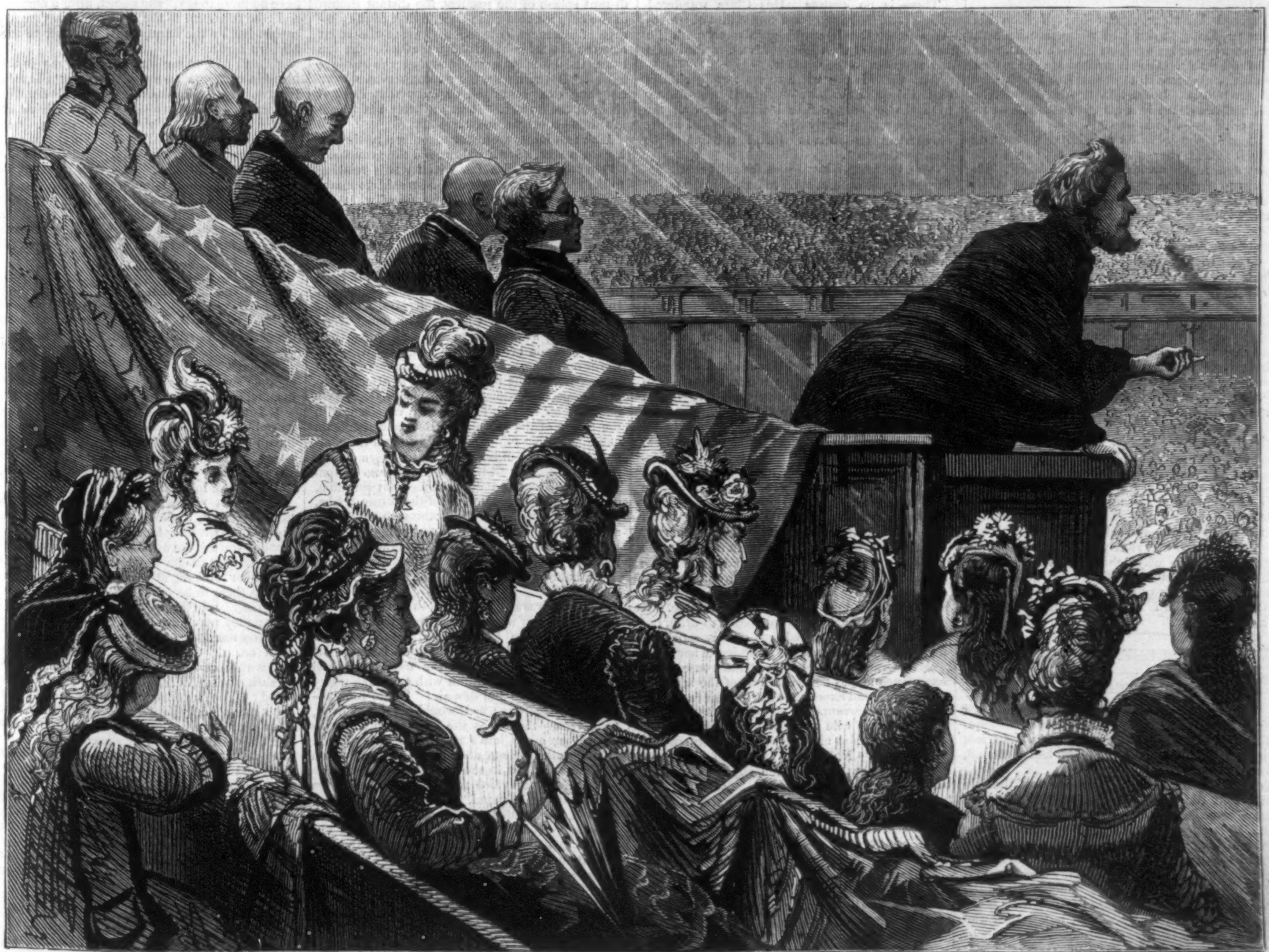
SKETCHES IN UTAH—MORMONS AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

SKETCHES IN UTAH.

The subjects of **Brigham Young** are showing signs of insubordination. Contact with the Gentiles, who, greatly to the Prophet's disgust, swarm throughout the sacred territory, has a disturbing influence on the minds of the saints. They begin to question some of the Prophet's most important prerogatives. He recently had occasion to speak very sharply to the saints at Lehi City because they expressed doubts as to his right to control their property. They did not even pay tithing without urging and goading, and haggled over the question whether all their earthly goods or only half belonged to the Church. The Prophet was particularly severe upon them on this account. He told them that all they had belonged to the Church. No half-way measures would be tolerated. Even from a worldly point of view, he insisted, this course would be the wisest to pursue. "The way to get rich," he said, "is to give all to the Lord. Find out what the Lord wants you to do with your property. If the Lord's will is that your property be put into a factory where nothing will be got out of it for ten years, put it in, and the Lord will bring out more means to you in the end than if you let it out at twenty-five per cent." Waxing wroth over some expressions of dissent, he emphatically warned the people of Lehi that all who objected to this doctrine would go to eternal perdition.

From the property question **Brigham Young** turned to that of celestial marriages, and gave the women of Lehi a very plain talk concerning their duty in the matter. The greater part of what he said is too coarse for quotation, but the gist of his discourse was to the effect that women who rebel against the doctrine will never get to heaven. From the vehemence of his language it may be inferred that many of the women of Utah are ready to follow the example of **Ann Eliza**, who is giving the Prophet so much trouble with her suit for divorce.

But while the spirit of independence is making considerable headway among the saints, the mass of the people are still faithful to the doctrines of the Church, and zealous in the practice of their religion. Our first illustration represents a scene in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. A number of devout Mormons have gathered about the table where the elders are dispensing



SKETCHES IN UTAH—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES IN THE GREAT MORMON TABERNACLE.

the communion bread and wine. Strange scenes are sometimes witnessed on these occasions. Some persons take grotesque positions at the table; others throw up their arms, and by various gestures and bodily contortions endeavor to manifest their devotion. Our second illustration gives a view of BRIGHAM YOUNG'S pew for his wives in the Tabernacle during service. A glance at the number of female occupants will show why the Prophet insists upon the duty of implicit obedience in his wives.

(Continued from No. 923, page 735.)

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A Short Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

THIRD SCENE.—THE ICEBERG.

CHAPTER XII.

ALONE! alone on the Frozen Deep!

The Arctic sun is rising dimly in the dreary sky. The beams of the cold northern moon, mingling strangely with the dawning light, clothe the snowy plains in hues of livid gray. An ice-field on the far horizon is moving slowly southward in the spectral light. Nearer, a stream of open water rolls its slow black waves past the edges of the ice. Nearer still, following the drift, an iceberg rears its crags and pinnacles to the sky; here, glittering in the moonbeams; there, looming dim and ghost-like in the ashy light.

Midway on the long sweep of the lower slope of the iceberg what objects rise and break the desolate monotony of the scene? In this awful solitude can signs appear which tell of human life? Yes! The black outline of a boat just shows itself, hauled up on the berg. In an ice cavern behind the boat the last red embers of a dying fire flicker from time to time over the figures of two men. One is seated, resting his back against the side of the cavern. The other lies prostrate, with his head on his comrade's knee. The first of these men is awake, and thinking. The second reclines, with his still white face turned up to the sky—sleeping or dead. Days and days since, these two have fallen behind on the march of the expedition of relief. Days and days since, these two have been given up by their weary and failing companions as doomed and lost. He who sits thinking is Richard Wardour. He who lies sleeping or dead is Frank Aldersley.

The iceberg drifts slowly—over the black water; through the ashy light. Minute by minute the dying fire sinks. Minute by minute the deathly cold creeps nearer and nearer to the lost men.

Richard Wardour rouses himself from his thoughts, looks at the still white face beneath him, and places his hand on Frank's heart. It still beats feebly. Give him his share of the food and fuel still stored in the boat, and Frank may live through it. Leave him neglected where he lies, and his death is a question of hours—perhaps minutes—who knows?

Richard Wardour lifts the sleeper's head and rests it against the cavern side. He goes to the boat, and returns with a billet of wood. He stoops to place the wood on the fire—and stops. Frank is dreaming, and murmuring in his dream. A woman's name passes his lips. Frank is in England again—at the ball—whispering to Clara the confession of his love.

Over Richard Wardour's face there passes the shadow of a deadly thought. He rises from the fire; he takes the wood back to the boat. His iron strength is shaken, but it still holds out. They are drifting nearer and nearer to the open sea. He can launch the boat without help: he can take the food and the fuel with him. The sleeper on the iceberg is the man who has robbed him of Clara—who has wrecked the hope and the happiness of his life. Leave the man in his sleep, and let him die!

So the tempter whispers. Richard Wardour tries his strength on the boat. It moves: he has got it under control. He stops and looks round. Beyond him is the open sea. Beneath him is the man who has robbed him of Clara. The shadow of the deadly thought grows and darkens over his face. He waits with his hands on the boat—waits and thinks.

The iceberg drifts slowly—over the black water; through the ashy light. Minute by minute the dying fire sinks. Minute by minute the deathly cold creeps nearer to the sleeping man. And still Richard Wardour waits—waits and thinks.

FOURTH SCENE.—THE GARDEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE spring has come. The air of the April night just lifts the leaves of the sleeping flowers. The moon is queen in the cloudless and starless sky. The stillness of the midnight hour is abroad, over land and over sea.

In a villa on the westward shore of the Isle of Wight the glass doors which lead from the drawing-room to the garden are yet open. The shaded lamp yet burns on the table. A lady sits by the lamp reading. From time to time she looks out into the garden, and sees the white-robed figure of a young girl pacing slowly to and fro in the soft brightness of the moonlight on the lawn. Sorrow and suspense have set their mark on the lady. Not rivals only, but friends who formerly admired her, agree now that she looks worn and aged. The more merciful judgment of others remarks, with equal truth, that her eyes, her hair, her simple grace and grandeur of movement, have lost but little of their olden charms. The truth lies, as usual, between the two extremes. In spite of sorrow and suffering, Mrs. Crayford is the beautiful Mrs. Crayford still.

The delicious silence of the hour is softly disturbed by the voice of the younger lady in the garden.

"Go to the piano, Lucy. It is a night for music. Play something that is worthy of the night."

Mrs. Crayford looks round at the clock on the mantel-piece.

"My dear Clara, it is past twelve! Remember what the doctor told you. You ought to have been in bed an hour ago."

"Half an hour, Lucy—give me half an hour more! Look at the moonlight on the sea. Is it possible to go to bed on such a night as this? Play something, Lucy—something spiritual and divine."

Earnestly pleading with her friend, Clara advances toward the window. She too has suffered under the wasting influences of suspense. Her face has lost its youthful freshness; no delicate flush of color rises on it when she speaks. The soft gray eyes which won Frank's heart in the by-gone time are sadly altered now. In repose, they have a dimmed and wearied look. In action, they are wild and restless, like eyes suddenly wakened from startling dreams. Robed in white, her soft brown hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, there is something weird and ghost-like in the girl as she moves nearer and nearer to the window in the full light of the moon—pleading for music that shall be worthy of the mystery and the beauty of the night.

"Will you come in here, if I play to you?" Mrs. Crayford asks. "It is a risk, my love, to be out so long in the night air."

"No, no! I like it. Play—while I am out here, looking at the sea. It quiets me; it comforts me; it does me good."

She glides back, ghost-like, over the lawn. Mrs. Crayford rises, and puts down the volume that she has been reading. It is a record of explorations in the Arctic seas. The time has gone by when the two lonely women could take an interest in subjects not connected with their own anxieties. Now, when hope is fast failing them—now, when their last news of the *Wanderer* and the *Sea-Mew* is news that is more than two years old—they can read of nothing, they can think of nothing, but dangers and discoveries, losses and rescues, in the terrible Polar seas.

Unwillingly Mrs. Crayford puts her book aside and opens the piano. Mozart's "Air in A, with Variations," lies open on the instrument. One after another, she plays the lovely melodies, so simply, so purely beautiful, of that unpretending and unrivaled work. At the close of the ninth Variation (Clara's favorite) she pauses, and turns toward the garden.

"Shall I stop there?" she asks.

There is no answer. Has Clara wandered away out of hearing of the music that she loves—the music that harmonizes so subtly with the tender beauty of the night? Mrs. Crayford rises and advances to the window.

No! there is the white figure standing alone on the slope of the lawn—the head turned away from the house, the face looking out over the calm sea, whose gently rippling waters end in the dim line on the horizon which is the line of the Hampshire coast.

Mrs. Crayford advances as far as the path before the window, and calls to her.

"Clara!"

Again there is no answer. The white figure still stands immovably in its place.

With signs of distress in her face, but with no appearance of alarm, Mrs. Crayford returns to the room. Her own sad experience tells her what has happened. She summons the servants, and directs them to wait in the drawing-room until she calls to them. This done, she returns to the garden, and approaches the mysterious figure on the lawn.

Dead to the outer world, as if she lay already in her grave—insensible to touch, insensible to sound, motionless as stone, cold as stone—Clara stands on the moon-lit lawn, facing the seaward view. Mrs. Crayford waits at her side, patiently watching for the change which she knows is to come. "Catalepsy," as some call it—"hysteria," as others say: this alone is certain, the same interval always passes; the same change always appears.

It comes now. Not a change in her eyes; they still remain wide open; fixed and glassy. The first movement is a movement of her hands. They rise slowly from her side, and waver in the air like the hands of a person groping in the dark. Another interval, and the movement spreads to her lips: they part and tremble. A few minutes more, and words begin to drop, one by one, from those parted lips—words spoken in a lost, vacant tone, as if she is talking in her sleep.

Mrs. Crayford looks back at the house. Sad experience makes her suspicious of the servants' curiosity. Sad experience has long since warned her that the servants are not to be trusted within hearing of the wild words which Clara speaks in the trance. Has any one of them ventured into the garden? No. They are out of hearing at the window, waiting for the signal which tells them that their help is needed.

Turning toward Clara once more, Mrs. Crayford hears the vacantly uttered words, falling faster and faster from her lips.

"Frank! Frank! Frank! Don't drop behind—don't trust Richard Wardour. While you can stand, keep with other men, Frank!"

(The farewell warning of Crayford in the solitudes of the Frozen Deep, repeated by Clara in the garden of her English home!)

A moment of silence follows; and, in that moment, the vision has changed. She sees him on the iceberg now: at the mercy of the bitterest enemy he has on earth. She sees him drifting—over the black water; through the ashy light.

"Wake, Frank! wake and defend yourself! Richard Wardour knows that I love you—Richard Wardour's vengeance will take your life! Wake, Frank—wake! You are drifting to your death!" A low groan of horror bursts from her, sinister and terrible to hear. "Drifting! drifting!" she whispers to herself—"drifting to his death!"

Her glassy eyes suddenly soften—then close. A long shudder runs through her. A faint flush shows itself on the deadly pallor of her face, and fades again. Her limbs fail her. She sinks into Mrs. Crayford's arms.

The servants, answering the call for help, carry her into the house. They lay her insensible on her bed. After half an hour or more, her eyes open again—this time, with the light of life in them—open, and rest languidly on her friend sitting by the bedside.

"I have had a dreadful dream," she murmurs, faintly. "Am I ill, Lucy? I feel so weak."

Even as she says the words, sleep, gentle, natural sleep, takes her suddenly, as it takes young children weary with their play. Though it is all over now, though no further watching is required, Mrs. Crayford still keeps her place by the bedside, too anxious and too wakeful to retire to her own room.

On other occasions she is accustomed to dismiss from her mind the words which drop from Clara in the trance. This time the effort to dismiss them is beyond her power. The words haunt her. Vainly she recalls to memory all that the doctors have said to her in speaking of Clara in the state of trance. "What she vaguely dreads for the lost man whom she loves is mingled in her mind with what she is constantly reading, of trials, dangers, and escapes in the Arctic seas. The most startling things that she may say or do are all attributable to this cause, and may all be explained in this way." So the doctors have spoken; and, thus far, Mrs. Crayford has shared their view. It is only to-night that the girl's words ring in her ear with a strange prophetic sound in them. It is only to-night that she asks herself: "Is Clara present, in the spirit, with our loved and lost ones in the lonely North? Can mortal vision see the dead and living in the solitudes of the Frozen Deep?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE night had passed.

Far and near, the garden view looked its gayest and brightest in the light of the noonday sun. The cheering sounds which tell of life and action were audible all round the villa. From the garden of the nearest house rose the voices of children at play. Along the road at the back sounded the roll of wheels, as carts and carriages passed at intervals. Out on the blue sea, the distant splash of the paddles, the distant thump of the engines, told from time to time of the passage of steamers, entering or leaving the strait between the island and the main-land. In the trees, the birds sang gayly among the rustling leaves. In the house, the women-servants were laughing over some jest or story that cheered them at their work. It was a lively and pleasant time—a bright, enjoyable day.

The two ladies were out together; resting on a garden seat, after a walk round the grounds.

They exchanged a few trivial words relating to the beauty of the day, and then said no more. Possessing the same consciousness of what she had seen in the Trance which persons in general possess of what they have seen in a dream—believing in the vision as a supernatural revelation—Clara's worst forebodings were now, to her mind, realized as truths. Her last faint hope of ever seeing Frank again was now at an end. Intimate experience of her told Mrs. Crayford what was passing in Clara's mind, and warned her that the attempt to reason and remonstrate would be little better than a voluntary waste of words and time. The disposition which she had herself felt on the previous night to attach a superstitious importance to the words that Clara had spoken in the Trance had vanished with the return of the morning. Rest and reflection had quieted her mind, and had restored the composing influence of her sober sense. Sympathizing with Clara in all besides, she had no sympathy, as they sat together in the pleasant sunshine, with Clara's gloomy despair of the future. She, who could still hope, had nothing to say to the sad companion who had done with hope. So the quiet minutes succeeded each other, and the two friends sat side by side in silence.

An hour passed—and the gate bell of the villa rang.

They both started—they both knew the ring. It was the hour when the postman brought their newspapers from London. In past days what hundreds on hundreds of times they had torn off the cover which inclosed the newspaper, and looked at the same column with the same weary mingling of hope and despair! There to-day—as it was yesterday; as it would be, if they lived, to-morrow—there was the servant with Lucy's newspaper and Clara's newspaper in his hand! Would both of them do again to-day what both had done so often in the days that were gone?

No! Mrs. Crayford removed the cover from her newspaper as usual. Clara laid *her* newspaper aside, unopened, on the garden seat.

In silence Mrs. Crayford looked, where she always looked, at the column devoted to the Latest Intelligence from foreign parts. The instant her eye fell on the page she started with a loud cry of joy. The newspaper fell from her trembling hand. She caught Clara in her arms. "Oh, my darling! my darling! news of them at last."

Without answering, without the slightest change in look or manner, Clara took the newspaper from the ground, and read the top line in the column, printed in capital letters:

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

She waited, and looked at Mrs. Crayford.

"Can you bear to hear it, Lucy," she asked, "if I read it aloud?"

Mrs. Crayford was too agitated to answer in words. She signed impatiently to Clara to go on.

Clara read the news which followed the heading in capital letters. Thus it ran:

"The following intelligence, from St. Johns, Newfoundland, has reached us for publication. The whaling vessel *Blythewood* is reported to have met with the surviving officers and men of the Expedition in Davis Strait. Many are stated to be dead, and some are supposed to be missing. The list of the saved, as collected by the people of the whaler, is not vouched for as being absolutely correct, the circumstances having been adverse to investigation. The vessel was pressed for time, and the members of the Expedition, all more or less suffering from exhaustion, were not in a position to give the necessary assistance to inquiry. Further particulars may be looked for by the next mail."

The list of the survivors followed, beginning with the officers in the order of their rank. They both read the list together. The first name was Captain Helding. The second was Lieutenant Crayford.

There the wife's joy overpowered her. After a pause, she put her arm round Clara's waist, and spoke to her.

"Oh, my love," she murmured, "are you as happy as I am? Is Frank's name there too? The tears are in my eyes. Read for me—I can't read for myself."

The answer came, in still sad tones:

"I have read as far as your husband's name. I have no need to read farther."

Mrs. Crayford dashed the tears from her eyes, steadied herself, and looked at the newspaper.

On the list of the survivors the search was vain. Frank's name was not among them. On a second list, headed "Dead or Missing," the first two names that appeared were:

FRANCIS ALDERSLEY.

RICHARD WARDOUR.

In speechless distress and dismay, Mrs. Crayford looked at Clara. Had she force enough in her feeble health to sustain the shock that had fallen on her? Yes! she bore it with a strange unnatural resignation—she looked, she spoke, with the sad self-possession of despair.

"I was prepared for it," she said. "I saw them in the spirit, last night. Richard Wardour has discovered the truth, and Frank has paid the penalty with his life—and I, I alone, am to blame." She shuddered, and put her hand on her heart. "We shall not be long parted, Lucy. I shall go to him. He will not return to me."

Those words were spoken with a calm certainty of conviction that was terrible to hear. "I have no more to say," she added, after a moment, and rose to return to the house. Mrs. Crayford caught her by the hand, and forced her to take her seat again.

"Don't look at me, don't speak to me, in that horrible manner!" she exclaimed. "Clara! it is unworthy of a reasonable being, it is doubting the mercy of God, to say what you have just said. Look at the newspaper again. See! They tell you plainly that their information is not to be depended on—they warn you to wait for further particulars. The very words at the top of the list show how little they know of the truth. 'Dead *or* Missing!' On their own showing, it is quite as likely that Frank is missing as that Frank is dead. For all you know, the next mail may bring a letter from him. Are you listening to me?"

"Yes."

"Can you deny what I say?"

"No."

"'Yes!' 'No!' Is that the way to answer me when I am so distressed and so anxious about you?"

"I am sorry I spoke as I did, Lucy. We look at some subjects in very different ways. I don't dispute, dear, that yours is the reasonable view."

"You don't dispute?" retorted Mrs. Crayford, warmly. "No! you do what is worse—you believe in your own opinion; you persist in your own conclusion—with the newspaper before you! Do you, or do you not, believe the newspaper?"

"I believe in what I saw last night."

"In what you saw last night! You, an educated woman, a clever woman, believing in a vision of your own fancy—a mere dream! I wonder you are not ashamed to acknowledge it!"

"Call it a dream if you like, Lucy. I have had other dreams, at other times—and I have known them to be fulfilled."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Crayford. "For once in a way they may have been fulfilled, by chance—and you notice it, and remember it, and pin your faith on it. Come, Clara, be honest! What about the occasions when the chance has been against you, and your dreams have *not* been fulfilled? You superstitious people are all alike. You conveniently forget when your dreams and your presentiments prove false. For my sake, dear, if not for your own," she continued, in gentler and tenderer tones, "try to be more reasonable and more hopeful. Don't lose your trust in the future, and your trust in God. God, who has saved my husband, can save Frank. While there is doubt, there is hope. Don't imbitter my happiness, Clara! Try to think as I think—if it is only to show that you love me."

She put her arm round the girl's neck, and kissed her. Clara returned the kiss; Clara answered, sadly and submissively:

"I do love you, Lucy. I *will* try."

Having answered in those terms, she sighed to herself, and said no more. It would have been plain, only too plain, to far less observant eyes than Mrs. Crayford's that no salutary impression had been produced on her. She had ceased to defend her own way of thinking, she spoke of it no more—but there was the terrible conviction of Frank's death at Wardour's hands rooted as firmly as ever in her mind! Discouraged and distressed, Mrs. Crayford left her, and walked back toward the house.

[to be continued.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. Thurlow Weed is understood to have completed and made ready for the press the first volume of his autobiography. It will be the most eagerly sought of any work of its kind ever published in the country.

—An English poet who has recently made a successful *début* as a "new writer" is a Mr. Lewis Morris, of Oxford. His *Songs of Two Worlds* have received high praise.

—Mr. George Bancroft appeared at the Century Club a few evenings since at its regular monthly meeting, and was cordially received by his old associates. Mr. Bancroft is looking quite well—well enough to undertake half a dozen more volumes of history. The Century Club has had several eminent men for its presidents. The late Gulian C. Verplanck filled that office for many years. He was succeeded by Mr. Bancroft, and on the departure of the latter for Berlin, he was succeeded by Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the present president. The Union Club is fortunate in having Mr. William M. Evarts for president. His predecessor was the late Governor King.

—A French court has decided that a man may not trade under his own name when that name is manifestly used to induce the public to think it is that of an old established firm. Moet, a Dutchman, was selling Champagne, using the brand "Moet & Co.," which, the well-known firm "Moet & Chandon" proved, had led people to believe it was their wine. The court ordered Moet to discontinue using the title on his wines, and fined him $7000 damages. Thus the court not only did justice in the money matter, but adjudged the Moetives of the Dutchman to be bad.

—Lord Dunmore, the last royal Governor of Virginia, had a daughter born in the colony not long before he left, whom he named, in honor of the colony, Virginia, and who is still living in England, at the advanced age of ninety-nine.

—Judah P. Benjamin, according to a letter from Colonel Forney, in London, has acquired a law practice worth $40,000 a year. He has had a greater professional success than any foreigner who ever practiced in the English courts.

—It is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of the Rev. Dr. Whitman, the pioneer missionary to the Pacific coast, who was murdered by the Indians in 1848, in Walla-Walla Valley, Oregon.

—Concerning "personal" manners, real as well as sham, a New York man, recently cast away in Boston, says one knows that the dignity of the Rev. Phillips Brooks is genuine and not external when one sees him, in "hurrying along the sidewalk, put his elbow about a street lamp-post and swing himself out over the gutter to pass the crowd walking slowly in advance of him."

—A dealer in autographs in London recently advertised for autograph letters of Mazzini. In a few days he was surprised to receive calls from a large number of people with a very large number of autographs to sell. Upon examination he found that they were all I O U's, and all unpaid. He declined to purchase the whole, but took a few at the rate of $1 25 for $100.

—At the recent Millennial celebration in Iceland one of the specially large guns was Mr. Bayard Taylor, who acquitted himself admirably, as he always does upon large occasions. In a speech of welcome by Professor Magnussen (a native Icelander, though now Librarian of Cambridge University, England), America was mentioned, and Mr. B. T. was introduced as the *Scald Poet from America.* He quite surprised the people by addressing them briefly but fluently in Danish. When he had concluded, the King, who was standing in the thick of the crowd, led the cheering, giving the Scald the full and regular three times three, and on a subsequent occasion told him he was exceedingly surprised to hear him speak in Danish, and complimented him on his command of the language. There are half a dozen languages which Mr. Taylor speaks with more ease and greater accuracy than the Danish, while there are many others he speaks as well.

—Mr. Smalley, writing from London to the *Tribune*, says that the Springfield *Republican* is one of about three American journals (outside of New York) frequently quoted in European journals. "I know of nothing in English journalism," says he, "which can be quite compared with Mr. Bowles's paper in Springfield. I am not speaking of its ability only, but of the fact that he has created a daily paper with a circulation of over 11,000 in a city of 40,000 inhabitants. A paper which reaches that figure here in a town of four or five times the size is thought to do well. Nor is this a country where the average number of newspaper buyers in cities is small."

—The artistic halo that hung about the old studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in London, has "gone." It has been knocked down to a man of the hammer, and converted into an auction-room.

—The name of the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, of this city, is mentioned as a candidate for the bishopric of Illinois. If elected, he will be the third clergyman from Ascension Church chosen to the episcopate—Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts, and Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, having officiated as rectors of that parish.

—When the great Icelandic celebration was going on, the King, sensible man that he is, mingled constantly with the people, and made himself as agreeable as possible. One day he paid a visit to old Bjarne Thorsteinson, father of the sheriff, who is ninety-four years old, and has been blind for a long time. Entering unannounced, his Majesty greeted the old man, taking his hand. "Who are you?" said the latter; "I don't know you; what is your name?" "I am called Christian the Ninth," said the King. "Well, then," replied the old man, "if you take a blind man by surprise, you must expect to hear such questions."

—Certain German artisans have written to Bismarck that for every bullet shot at him which misses him they will kill a Roman Catholic bishop; for every one that hits him, two bishops; while if he is killed, they will kill the Pope. We now know exactly where we stand.

—The Hon. Orlando Allen, formerly Mayor of Buffalo, who died in that city on the 4th inst., at the age of seventy-one, was one of the very few of the early settlers of Erie County who lived to see Buffalo grow from a village of 1000 inhabitants to a city of 140,000. For nearly fifty years he had been prominently identified with the public affairs of the city, and, more than any man living at the present time, was familiar with the chiefs and head men of the Indians of Western New York; was intimate with Red Jacket and Cornplanter, spoke their language fluently, and was for nearly half a century their trusted adviser and friend. While a member of the State Legislature he was conspicuous for his devotion to the canal interests of the State, and for the zeal and intelligence he manifested on all questions affecting the public welfare.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

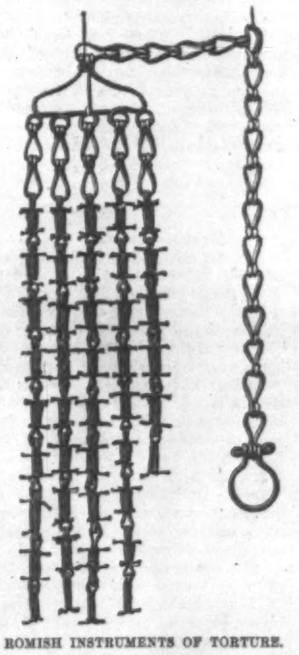
Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 20.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 21.—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday, 27.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 29.—St. Michael and all Angels.
Wednesday, 30.—National Congregational Council, New Haven.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 4.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 6.—Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., Rutland, Vermont.
Wednesday, 7.—Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York.
Sunday, 11.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.



ROMISH INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

The accompanying engraving is made from a photograph taken from an instrument used by the Romish Church in Mexico to "make Christians." The photograph and the following description of the horrid instrument come to us from two esteemed Protestant missionaries in Zacatecas, Mexico. They say:

"It is called 'La Disciplina.' One or more of these is given to each priest at the time of his ordination. It is styled 'cosa bendita' (a blessed thing), for, like holy-water, it is subjected to a formal blessing by the priest. Its uses are various. The 'penitentes,' when preparing for taking communion, often for twelve or fifteen days enter the exercises of the discipline, shut themselves up in a room called 'retiro,' and lash themselves over the back with this terrible instrument. The ring at the end of the chain is put around the little finger, and the chain grasped in the hand, and the five lashes, each nine inches long, violently swung over the shoulder, and descend with horrid effect upon the bare back. The whole instrument is made of steel wires, and the links in the lashes have eight knives, each about one inch in length—four above and four below. This one of which we send you a photograph has evidently been much used, as some of these links have been worn off. We have known of a recent instance of this 'disciplina' on a man who was ill with a fever, and refused to confess to the priest. The 'holy confessor' had his person laid bare, and beat him with one of these so that the festering wounds hastened death. This instrument, and the more terrible 'Silicio,' which we hope to send you, belong to the same system of religion with plastering living persons in the walls, and the other masterpieces of torture used by the 'Holy Inquisition.' Within the last two years five bodies have been taken out of the walls of the Dominican Convent in Mexico to our personal knowledge, and it is said that many others have been taken out before."

Professor Tyndall's brilliant inaugural address was not the only introduction of theology into the discussions of the British Scientific Association. Professor Watts, of the Presbyterian College in Belfast, offered to read before the biological section "A Plea for Peace and Co-operation between Science and Theology," but the section declined to hear the address. Professor Watts, therefore, at the request of friends, read his Plea in the Elmwood Church, immediately opposite Queen's College, and, report says, "to a larger audience than he would have had if his paper had been accepted by the section." Dr. Watts endeavored to show "that the attitude of antagonism assumed toward theology by some scientific men originated, to a very large extent, in an unaccountable misconception as to the principles of theology." This episode made quite a stir in Belfast. Professor Tyndall's address received also considerable attention from the ministers of that city on the Sunday following its delivery.

The address has been commented upon, we might say almost universally, by the press of Great Britain and America. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which treats the subject lightly, is inclined to the opinion that "flirtations with materialism" are just now fashionable and popular, and that "the naughty man who doesn't believe in any thing is now the interesting sinner, whom ladies shake their heads at and tap with their reproving fans."

The Roman Catholic Church has lost one of its learned theologians in the death of Augustine Theiner, the eminent ecclesiastical historian. At the time of his decease he was living at Civita Vecchia. He was born in Breslau in 1804. In 1833 he went to Rome, and entered the Jesuit College of St. Eusebius. His great attainments secured for him the office of Prefect of the Archives of the Vatican. He availed himself of the advantages of this position for the investigation of the sources of ecclesiastical history, and issued editorial annotations of the works of Baronius, and completed the *Annales Ecclesiastici* of that eminent cardinal. He also published numerous documents relating to the church history of various Christian nations.

The value of all the benefices of the Established Church in England and Wales has been reported to Parliament to be £3,719,031. Of the whole number, those in public patronage are valued at £1,825,805, and those in private gift £1,893,226. This does not include the value of the bishoprics. The secretary of the Lords' Committee on Church Patronage estimates the present value of the private patronage, taking it at a nine years' purchase, to be £17,000,000. The annual value of the livings in public patronage is classified as follows: those in the patronage of the Crown, £76,375; the Prince of Wales, £6933; the Lord Chancellor, £192,614; the Duchy of Lancaster, £15,358; archbishops and bishops, £671,597; deans and chapters, £229,449; archdeacons, £12,738; the universities, £280,696; Eton College, £12,302; Winchester College, £4891; companies, societies, hospitals, trustees, etc., £188,755; rectors, etc. (the rectories being in public patronage), £134,077. Where the patronage is alternate, half the value is counted in these amounts.

Bishop Cheney, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, preached August 28 in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, Canada, to a crowded congregation, and confirmed thirteen persons. In the evening he delivered an address in the court-house of the city on the differences between the two Episcopal churches.

The annual collection in London for the metropolitan hospitals amounted this year to £29,500; of this total sum £24,478 have been distributed among seventy hospitals, and £2961 among forty-six dispensaries.

The Old Catholics are continuing to make steady progress in Germany. The movement has become so great that the government now demands an enrollment of Old Catholic members whenever a parish with a settled pastor is formed. This done, a state acknowledgment is given, and all the privileges of a Catholic parish are conceded. Bishop Reinkens admitted two Bonn students to the priesthood in August. The Conference for Germany was held in Freiburg on the 6th of September, and adjourned on the 8th. Following this there is announced a Conference at Bonn, September 14, called by Dr. Döllinger, for the promotion of Christian union. In reply to a letter inquiring what are the terms of admission to this Conference, Dr. Döllinger states: "The attendance and assistance of all who are *amici causæ*, and who stand on the ground of the Old Church creed, will be readily welcomed, whether they may be clergymen or laymen."

The Abbé Michaud reports to the *Independent* the formation of an Old Catholic Church in Paris. The chapel is without ornament, though the priests retain the customary vestments. The Paris liturgy of the last century is followed, the Nicene Creed is recited, and the prayers are in French. The confessional is suppressed, but confession is retained. It is, however, made optional, and the absolution is declaratory, not judicial.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Softer than that of the White Mountains, drier than that of Mount Desert, more stimulating than the air of the Alleghanies—such is the description given of the delicious atmosphere of the Adirondack region in summer and early autumn. Fresh, tonic air and simple living are the natural remedies for the numerous ailments, weaknesses, and nervous difficulties which result from overwork, artificial modes of life, and neglect of physical laws in general. The Adirondacks have been fashionable this year; every hotel, large or small, has been crowded to its utmost. Whole families have gone thither, and settled in tents or in cheap hotels or farm-houses near the lakes so famed for trout. And trout has been abundant, and game more plenty than for many seasons. The sensible traveler in the Adirondack region takes little luggage, and does not seek accommodations at the fashionable hotels—for, alas! fashionable hotels have intruded into these remote wilds. But he finds rest and refreshment in plain, fresh food, lodgings somewhat rough, romantic scenery, and that inexpressible sense of quietness which falls upon the mind and body during a sojourn among hills and mountains, lakes and rivers. Those who have been roving through the Adirondacks are returning to their city homes with a store of vitality laid up for the coming year.

One of the most interesting features of the *City of Peking* is the condensing apparatus, an invention of the engineer Lighthall. This is able to furnish 5000 gallons of fresh-water daily, at a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit. The process is simple. Steam, drawn from the great boilers, is aerated, filtered, and passed into the vacuum chamber. By a special process the air is withdrawn, and the heat of the condensed steam rushes out to restore equilibrium of temperature, and leaves the water fresh and cool.

A novel method of avoiding extended discussion in regard to the age of children entitled to travel for half fare was recently put in practice. "You don't think that boy is under ten, hey, and you won't pass him for half fare?" said an indignant passenger on an accommodation train. "Just look at that, will ye?" And from out the old carpet-bag the old lady, with trembling eagerness, brought the well-worn family Bible, and turning to the page reserved for births and deaths held it triumphantly up under the conductor's nose, with, "Does that look as though I was a liar, young man?" With such testimony before his eyes the conductor could do no less than pass the boy for half fare, amidst subdued applause from the passengers, who had been amused spectators of the scene.

"Grace Greenwood" having been alarmed by burglars in her Colorado cottage, now publicly warns all gentlemen of burglarious proclivities that she has procured a "six-shooter," with which she intends to practice diligently, "firing promiscuously from her balconies o' nights;" moreover, that she hasn't any diamonds, that her silver is plated, her money in the bank—unless she has overdrawn; that alarm-bells are to be put to the windows, and steel-traps in the shrubbery; finally, that a friend has lent her a powerful bull-terrier.

An exchange informs us that at the restaurant for mechanics at the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia the proprietor is able to furnish a substantial meal for fifteen cents, in consequence of the building having been erected without any bonus or rent being required.

The gentlemen are, or have been, fighting for their rights—for it seems, in this age, that not only ladies are deprived of some of their rights, but gentlemen also suffer in like manner, if not in like degree. In this particular instance the ladies advocate the cause of the gentlemen most eloquently. For is not a game of croquet infinitely more entertaining when both ladies and gentlemen join in it? In time right and might will prevail, and the Central Park croquet grounds will admit the lords of creation!

The American Institute Fair is classified into seven departments, which are briefly as follows: 1, department of fine arts and education; 2, department of the dwelling; 3, department of dress and handicraft; 4, department of chemistry and mineralogy; 5, department of engines and machinery; 6, department of intercommunication; 7, department of agriculture and horticulture.

Albert Hall, the immense London concert-room, has been taken for a term of three years by the Messrs. Novello, music publishers. Concerts will be given every day, and the value of this magnificent hall as a concert-room thoroughly tested. It is so large that the voices of solo singers are usually lost in it; only a large chorus or orchestra is found effective in its vast area.

The ex-Queen of Spain has not paid her butcher's bill in Paris, and the butcher resents it. Isabella has been summoned to appease him. Her Majesty asserts that she contracted with her cook to supply the royal table for a stipulated sum, exclusive of wines. What shall be done about the matter is the question under consideration.

If one fancies performing a walking feat, we think he shows good taste in selecting a pleasant course, such as around Lake Mahopac. A short time ago a boatman of Lake Mahopac walked eighty miles in twenty-four hours around the lake.

A curious incident occurred at Niagara Falls the other day. A lady accidentally dropped her parasol into the swift current that hurries under Luna Island Bridge. Of course it was quickly whisked away over the precipice. Later in the day the lady visited the Cave of the Winds, and, strange to say, she there found her parasol whirling around in a swift eddy.

Admirers of Goldsmith Maid wear the nails taken from her shoes in shoeing as watch charms.

The Adulteration Act recently passed by the English Parliament is meeting with much opposition by dealers, who contend that buyers *prefer* adulterated articles, both because they are cheaper, and also because they like them better. The act, however, does not forbid the sale of such as are not positively injurious to health, but demands that every adulterated article which is sold must have attached to it a distinct declaration of its spurious character, so that no one can be deceived.

The art department of the Industrial Exposition now open at Chicago contains one of the finest collections of paintings ever exhibited in that city. Foreign artists are well represented, and some of the best pictures in America have been sent there.

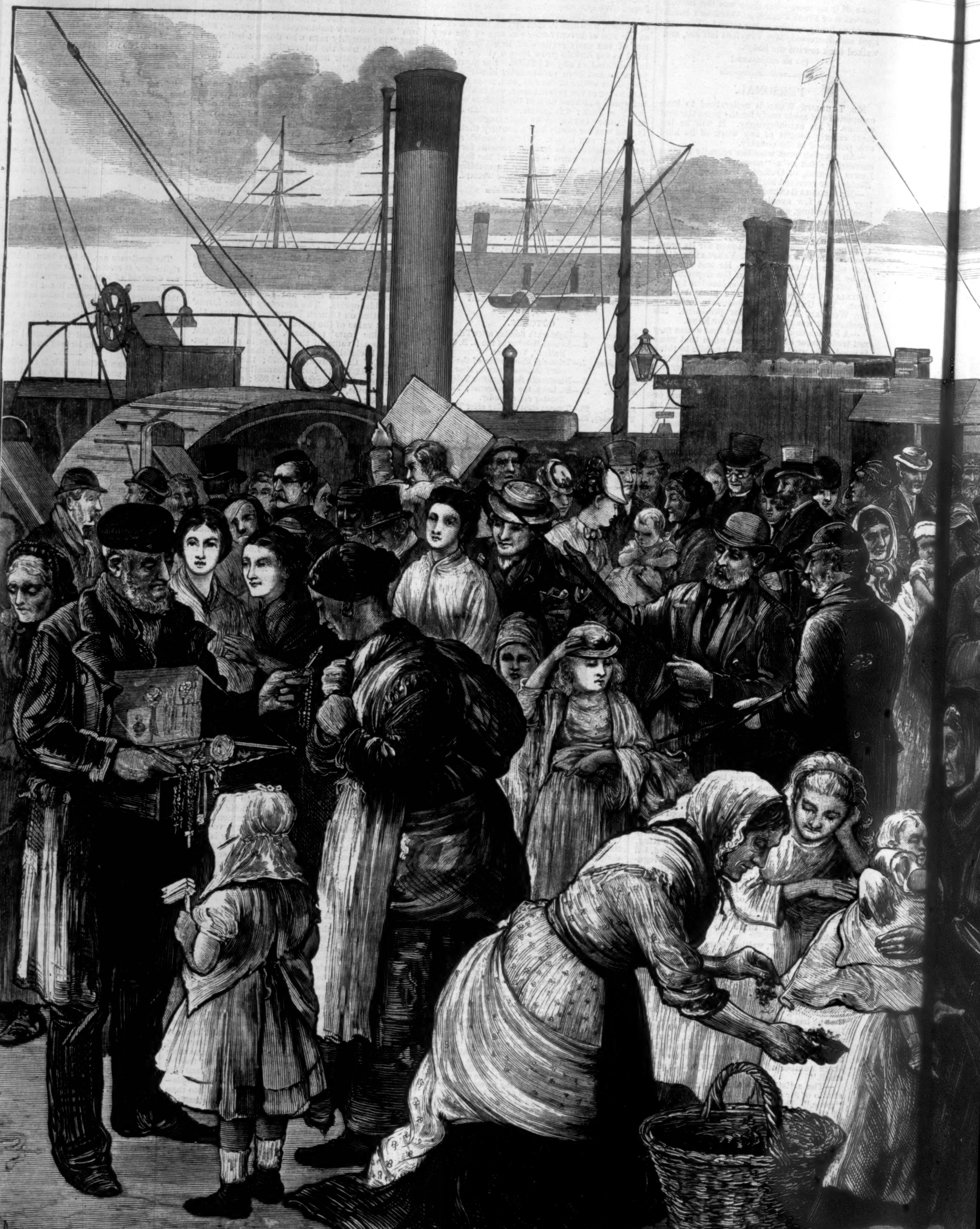
In October the Woman's Congress will be held in Chicago. This association is designed to discuss ways and means of enlightening and elevating women, and curing evils which cramp their energies and injure their health. Among the speakers at the session will be some of the more prominent of those women whose time is given to honorable labor, or to philanthropic efforts for benefiting their sex.

Three thousand girls have already received instruction in house-work, sewing, and other useful employments at the Free Training School for Women, and have been placed in situations. In the majority of cases they have been found faithful, obliging, and skillful in the special avocation for which they were engaged. This school will doubtless be productive of great good.

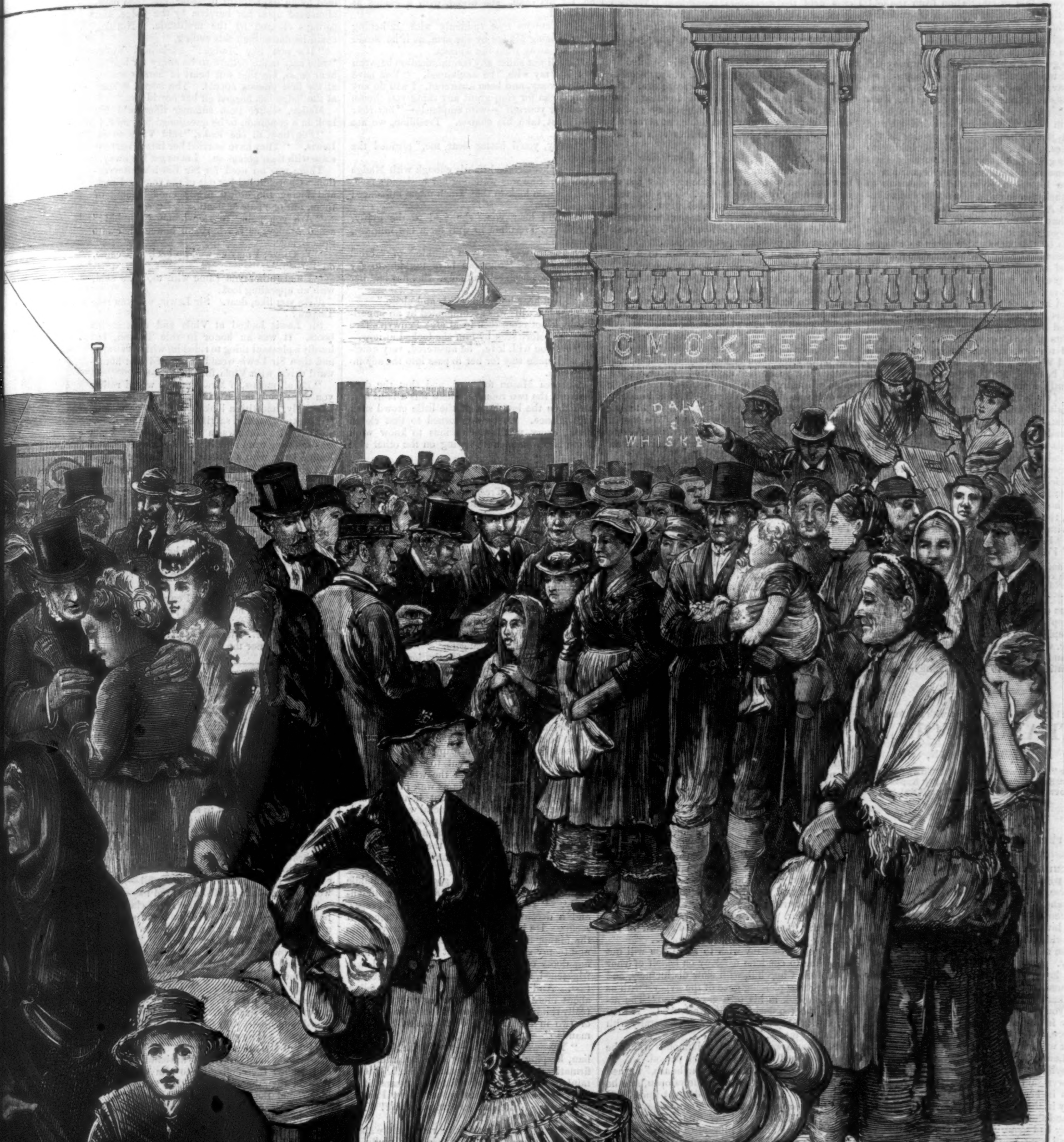
A fine place to emigrate from, El Paso, Texas, must be. A letter from the Collector of Customs there, written August 17, says: "We have not had a drop of rain in this vicinity for 365 days. Every thing is scorching hot and burning up. Many of the cattle have died of starvation."

One day recently the New York Post-office sent out in the foreign mails 57,308 letters and ninety-three bags of papers—not a larger number than on other occasions, perhaps, but sufficient to indicate brisk business.

The dissensions that arise in church matters, especially in Spain, are not unfrequently very remarkable. For example, in the well-known town of Antequera there are two images of the Saviour to which the people do homage—Christus on the hill, and Christus under the hill, and these two images have long divided the inhabitants of the town into two belligerent parties. The Christus "*el de arriba*" is in the church of the upper village, while his rival is in the church of the lower village. The contention regarding the respective pre-eminence of each keeps the two sections of the town in a continual feud.



EMIGRANTS LEAVING QUEENSTOW FOR NE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FOR NEW YORK.—[See Page 798.]

EMIGRANTS LEAVING QUEENSTOWN.

THE steady tide of emigration from the Old World to the United States, which is gradually draining Europe of the best part of its population, is beginning to tell seriously on the interests of the countries whose aristocratic governments are gradually but surely driving away the hardy and intelligent peasantry. In some parts of Germany, according to recent official reports, the harvests remain ungathered owing to a scarcity of laborers. The same state of things exists also in parts of England and Ireland, and Russia is justly alarmed by the exodus of the Mennonites. Instead, however, of seeking to check this great movement of the working classes by measures to ameliorate their condition at home, the European governments endeavor to frighten their people by insidiously spreading reports that America has been ruined by the panic, and that it is no longer the land of promise for the poor that it used to be. A temporary check has by this means been given to emigration, especially in England. While the average number of steerage passengers coming to New York in previous years was about 250,000 per annum, it is doubtful if the emigration will reach more than half that number this year. But of course this can not last. The emigrants who have found homes among us, and have enjoyed the benefits of our free institutions, are not slow to spread true information among their friends in the Old World. A friend of the English agricultural laborers, Mr. ARTHUR CLAYTON, has also recently come over to this country in the interests of emigration. It is said to be his purpose to visit all localities that seem to offer good inducements for the emigrant, and to present a truthful and intelligent report of his investigations to his countrymen. He will have no difficulty in finding a foot-hold here for all the laborers who can be induced to leave the wretched hovels which their mercenary landlords consider good enough for working-men; and as long as land and homes and freedom are to be found in America, the rulers of the Old World may expect to witness the exodus they are striving to prevent. Long ago GOLDSMITH wrote, in the *Deserted Village*,

"Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

In his time emigration was just commencing, but with a prophetic vision he foresaw such scenes as the one depicted by the artist in our double-page engraving, where crowds of hardy peasantry, the strength and pride of the nation, are taking leave of their native shores to make a home in another land.

[Published [illegible] Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"QUI PEUT SOUS LE SOLEIL TROMPER SA DESTINÉE?"

CHURCHILL was waiting at the inn door to receive his wife. He had ridden across on his favorite horse, Tarpan—a long-necked, raking bay, sixteen hands high, and a great jumper—a horse with a tremendous stride, just such a brute as Lenore's lover might have bestridden in that awful night ride.

"Is the man here, Churchill?" Madge asked, anxiously.

"Yes, love. There is nothing to be uneasy about," answered her husband, replying to her looks rather than to her words.

"Yet you seem anxious, Churchill."

"Only in my magisterial capacity. Tresillian is here. We shall commit this fellow in no time. It will only need a few words from Viola and Sir Lewis."

Not a syllable about the diamond necklace had Mr. Penwyn said to his wife. He had replaced the gems in her dressing-case while she slept peacefully in the adjoining room, and no one but himself and the burglar knew how the attempted robbery had gone.

They all went up the narrow little staircase, Mr. Penwyn leading his wife up the steep stairs, Viola and Sir Lewis following. The justice-room was full of people—or at least that end of it devoted to the public. The other end of it was fenced off; and here at a table sat Mr. Tresillian, J.P., and his clerk—ready for action.

"Look, Churchill," whispered Madge, as her husband put her hand through his arm and led her toward this end of the room, "there is the woman at the lodge. What can have brought her here?"

Mr. Penwyn's glance followed his wife's for a moment. Yes, there stood Rebecca Mason, of the north lodge, sullen, even threatening of aspect, or seeming so to the eye that looked at her now. What a horrible likeness she bore to that ruffian he had dealt with last night!

Mr. Tresillian shook hands with the two ladies. He was a tall, stout man with a rather red face, who rode to hounds all the season, and devoted himself to the pleasures of the table for the rest of the year. It was something awful to the crowd to see him shake hands and smile and talk about the weather, just like a common mortal; to see him pretend to be so good-natured, too, when it was his function—the very rule of his being—to inflict summary punishment upon his fellow-men, to have no compassion for pleasant social vices, and to be as hard on a drunkard as upon a thief.

There was only one case to be heard this morning, and the thrilling interest of that one case held the spectators breathless. Women stood on tiptoe peering over the shoulders of the men—women who ought to have been at their wash-tubs, or baking homely satisfying pasties for the family supper.

The ruffian was brought in, closely guarded by a couple of rural policemen, and looking considerably the worse for last night's recapture. He had fought like a wild-cat for his freedom; had given and taken a couple of black eyes; had furthermore received a formidable cut across his forehead, and had had his clothes torn in the scuffle.

The two Tyrrels, father and son, also in a damaged condition, were there to relate proudly how they had pounced upon the offender just as he was clambering over a fence. They had told their story already so many times, in an informal manner, to curious friends and acquaintances that they were prepared to give it with effect presently when they should be put upon oath.

Mr. Tresillian, who went to work in a very slow and ponderous way, was still conferring with his clerk in a bass under-tone, which sounded like distant organ music, when Rebecca Mason strode forth from the crowd, and came to that privileged portion of the room where Mr. Penwyn and his wife were sitting.

"I want to know if you're going to press this charge, Mr. Penwyn," she asked, quietly enough, but hardily.

"Of course he is," answered Madge, with a flash of anger. "Do you suppose we are going to overlook such an attempt—a man breaking into our house after midnight, and frightening my sister nearly out of her wits? We should never feel secure at the Manor if this man were not made an example of. Pray what interest have you in pleading for him?"

"I'll tell you that by-and-by, madam. I did not ask the question of you, but of my master."

"Your master and I have but one thought in the matter."

"Do you mean to prosecute that man, Mr. Penwyn?" asked Rebecca, looking steadfastly at the Squire. Even while addressing Madge she had never taken her eyes from Churchill's face. The brief dialogue had been carried on in an under-tone, while Mr. Tresillian and the clerk were still whispering and making notes on a sheet of foolscap.

"The case is out of my hands. I have no power to prevent the man's committal."

"Yes, you have," answered Rebecca, doggedly; "you have power to do any thing here. What is law or justice against a great land-owner in a place like this? You are lord and master here."

"Why do you bother me about this burglar?"

"He is my son."

"I am sorry any servant of mine should be related to such a scoundrel."

"I am not proud of the relationship," answered the lodge-keeper, coolly. "Yet there are men capable of worse crimes than entering another man's house—criminals who wear smooth faces and fine broadcloth—and stand high in the world. I'd rather have that vagabond for my son than some of them."

Churchill glanced at his wife, as if to consult her feelings. But Madge, so tender and pitying to the destitute and afflicted, had an inflexible look just now. Rebecca Mason was her particular antipathy, a blot upon the fair face of Penwyn Manor, which she was most anxious to see removed; and now Rebecca appeared in a new and still more disagreeable light as the mother of a burglar. It was hardly strange, therefore, that Mrs. Penwyn should be indisposed to see the law outraged in the cause of mercy.

"I regret that my wish to serve you will not allow me to condone a felony on behalf of your son," said Churchill, with slow distinctness, and meeting that piercing gaze of the gypsy's with as steady a look in his own gray eyes. "The attempt was too daring to be overlooked. A man breaks into my house at midnight, naturally with some evil intent."

Still not a word about the diamonds which he had recovered from the burglar's person.

"He did not break into your house," argued Rebecca; "you left your windows open, and he walked in. He had been drinking, I know, and hardly knew where he was going or what he was doing. If he had had his wits about him he wouldn't have allowed himself to be caught by a girl," she added, contemptuously.

"He may have been drunk," said Churchill, with a thoughtful look, "but that hardly mends the matter. It isn't pleasant to have a drunken vagabond prowling about one's house. What do you say, my queen?" he asked, turning to Madge with a smile, but not quite the smile which was wont to brighten his face when he looked at her. "Will you exercise your prerogative of mercy? Shall I try what I can do to get this vagabond off with a few days in Penwyn Lock-up, instead of having him committed for trial?"

"I have no compassion for a man who lifted his hand against my sister," answered Madge, warmly. "Sir Lewis told me all about it, Churchill. He saw that villain raise his clinched fist to strike Viola's face. He would have disfigured her for life, or killed her perhaps, if Sir Lewis had not caught his arm. Do you suppose I am going to plead for such a scoundrel as that?"

"Come, Mrs. Penwyn, you are a woman and a mother," pleaded Rebecca, "you ought to be merciful."

"Not at the expense of society. Justice and order would, indeed, be outraged if the law were stretched in favor of such a ruffian as your son."

"You're hard, lady," said the gypsy, "but I think I can say a word that will soften you. Let me speak to you in the next room," looking toward a half-open door that communicated with a small parlor adjoining. "Let me speak with you alone for five minutes—you'd better not say no, for his sake," she urged, with a glance at Churchill.

Mr. Penwyn rose suddenly with darkening brow, seizing Madge by the arm, as if he would hold her away from the woman.

"I will not suffer any communication between you and my wife," he exclaimed. "You have said your say, and been answered. I will do any thing I can for you, grant any thing you choose to ask for yourself"—with emphasis—"but your son must take his chance. Tresillian, we are ready."

"Lady, you'd better hear me," pleaded the gypsy.

That plea weighed lightly enough with Madge Penwyn. She was watching her husband's face, and it was a look in that which alone influenced her decision.

"I will hear you," she said to the gypsy. "Ask Mr. Tresillian to wait for a few minutes, Churchill."

"Madge, what are you thinking of?" cried her husband. "She can have nothing to say that has not been said already. She has had her answer."

"I will hear her, Churchill, and alone."

That "I will" was accompanied by an imperious look not often seen in Madge Penwyn's face—never before seen by him she looked at now.

"As you will, love," he answered, very quietly, and made way for her to pass into the adjoining room.

Rebecca Mason followed, and shut the door between the two rooms. There was a faint stir, and then the low hum of the little crowd sank into silence. Every eye turned to that closed door; every mind was curious to know what those two women were saying on the other side of it.

There was a pause of about ten minutes. Churchill sat by the official table, silent and thoughtful. Mr. Tresillian fidgeted with the stationery, and yawned once or twice. The ruffian stood in his place, dogged and imperturbable, looking as if he were the individual least concerned in the day's proceedings.

At last the door opened, and Madge appeared. She came slowly into the room—slowly, and like a person who only walked steadily by an effort. So white and wan was the face turned appealingly toward Churchill that she looked like one newly risen from some sickness unto death. Churchill rose to go to her, but hesitatingly, as if he were doubtful whether to approach her—almost as if they had been strangers.

"Churchill," she said, faintly, looking at him with pathetic eyes—a gaze in which deepest love and despair were mingled. At that look and word he went to her, put his arm round her, and led her gently back to her seat.

"You must get this man off, Churchill," she whispered, faintly. "You must."

He bent his head, but spoke not a word, only pressed her hand with a grip strong as pain or death. And then he went to Mr. Tresillian, who was growing tired of the whole business, and was at all times plastic as wax in the hands of his brother magistrate, not being troubled with ideas of his own in a general way. Indeed, he had expended so much brain-power in the endeavor to outmanœuvre the manifold artifices of certain ancient dog-foxes in the district that he could hardly be supposed to have much intellectual force left for the Bench.

"I find there has been a good deal of muddle in this business," said Churchill to him, confidentially. "The man is the son of my lodge-keeper, and a decent, hard-working fellow enough, it seems. He had been drinking, and strayed into the Manor-house in an obfuscated condition last night—my servants are most to blame for leaving doors open—and Viola saw him, and was frightened, and made a good deal of unnecessary fuss. And then my keepers knocked the fellow about more than they need have done. So I really think if you were to let him off with a day or two in the lock-up, or even a severe reprimand—"

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes," said Mr. Tresillian, keeping up a running fire of muttered affirmatives throughout Churchill's speech. "Certainly. Let the fellow off, by all means, if he had no felonious intention, and Mrs. Penwyn wishes it. Ladies are so compassionate! Yes, yes, yes, yes."

Mr. Tresillian was thinking rather more about a certain fifteen-acre corn field now ready for the sickle than of the business in hand. Reapers were scarce in the land just now, and he was not clear in his mind about getting in that corn.

So, instead of swearing in witnesses and holding a ceremonious examination, Mr. Tresillian disappointed the assembled audience by merely addressing a few sharpish words to the delinquent, and sending him about his business, with a warning never more to create trouble in that particular neighborhood, lest it should be worse for him. The offender was further enjoined to be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Penwyn for their kindness in not pressing the charge. And thus the business was over, and the Court rose. The crowd dispersed slowly, grumbling not a little about Justice's justice, and deeply disappointed at not having seen the strange offender committed for trial.

"If it had been one of us," a man remarked to a neighbor, "we shouldn't have got off so easy."

"No," growled another. "If it had been some poor devil had up for licking his wife, he'd have got it hot."

All was over. Viola and Sir Lewis Dallas, who had been indulging in a little quiet flirtation by an open window, and not attending to the progress of events, were beyond measure surprised at the abrupt close of the proceedings, and not a little disappointed, for Viola had quite looked forward to appearing in the witness-box at Bodmin Assize Court, and being cross-examined by an impertinent barrister, and then complimented upon her heroism by the judge, and perhaps cheered by the multitude. Nothing could be flatter than this ending.

"It's just like Madge!" exclaimed Viola. "She may make believe to be angry for half an hour or so, but that soft heart of hers is melted at the first piteous appeal. The horrid woman at the lodge has begged off her horrid son."

Madge, whiter than summer lilies, did not look in a condition to be questioned just now.

"See how ill she looks," said Viola to Sir Lewis. "They have worried her into a nervous state with their goings on. Let us get her away."

There was no need for Sir Lewis's intervention. Churchill led her out of the room. Erect, and facing the crowd firmly enough, both of them, but one pale as death.

"Are you going to ride home, Churchill?" asked Madge, as her husband handed her into the carriage.

"Yes, love, I may as well go back as I came, on Tarpan."

"I had rather you came with us," she said, with an appealing look.

"As you like, dear. Sir Lewis, will you ride Tarpan?"

Sir Lewis looked at Viola and then at his boots. It was an honor to ride Tarpan, but hardly a pleasant thing to ride him without straps; and then Sir Lewis would have liked that homeward drive, with Viola for his *vis-à-vis*.

"By all means, if Mrs. Penwyn would rather you went back in the carriage," he said, good-naturedly, but with a look at Viola which meant, "*You* know what a sacrifice I am making."

That drive home was a very silent one. Viola was suffering from reaction after excitement, and leaned back with a listless air. Madge looked straight before her, with grave fixed eyes, gazing into space. And still there was not a cloud in the blue, bright sky, and the reapers, standing among the tawny corn, turned their swart faces toward the Squire's carriage, and pulled their moistened forelocks, and thought what a fine thing it was for the gentry to be driving swiftly through the clear warm air, lolling back upon soft cushions, and with no more exertion than was involved in holding a big white silk umbrella.

"But how white Madam Penwyn looks," said one of the men, a native of the place, to his mate. "She doant look as if the good things of this life agreed with her. She looks paler and more tired like than you nor me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"THIS IS MORE STRANGE THAN SUCH A MURDER IS."

THEY were in the dressing-room at Penwyn, that spacious, many-windowed chamber, with its closed Venetians, which was cool and shadowy even on a blazing August day like this. They were alone together, husband and wife, face to face—two white faces turned toward each other, blanched by passions stronger and deeper than it is man's common lot to suffer.

They had come here straight from the carriage that brought them back to the Manor-house, and they were alone for the first moment since Madge had heard Rebecca Mason's petition.

"Churchill," she said, slowly, with agonized eyes lifted to his face, "I know all—all that woman could tell; and she showed me—"

She stopped with a shudder, and clasped her hands before her face. Her husband stood like a rock, and made no attempt to draw nearer to her. He stood aloof and waited.

"I know all," she repeated, with a passionate sob, "and I remember what I said when you asked me to be your wife. You were too poor—we were too poor. I could not marry you because of your poverty. It was my worldliness, my mercenary decision, that influenced you, that urged you to— Oh, Churchill, half the fault was mine! God give me leave to bear half the burden of His anger!"

She flung herself upon her husband's shoulder, and sobbed there, clinging to him more fondly than in their happiest hour, her arms clasping him round the neck, her face hidden upon his breast, with such love as only such a woman can feel—love which, supreme in itself, rises above every lesser influence.

"What! you touch me, Madge! You come to my arms still! you shed compassionate tears upon my breast! Then I am not wholly lost. Vile as I am, there is comfort still. My love, my fond one, fortune gave me nothing so sweet as you."

"Oh, Churchill, why—why—" she sobbed.

He understood the question involved in that one broken word, hardly audible for the sobs that shook his wife's frame.

"Dearest, Fate was hard upon me, and I wanted you!" he said, with a calmness that chilled her soul. "A good man would have trusted in Providence, no doubt, and waited unrepiningly for life's blessings until he was gray and old, and went down to his grave without ever having known earthly bliss, taking with him some vague notion that he was to come into his estate somewhere else. I am not a good man. My passionate love and my scorn of poverty would not let me wait. I knew that by one swift bold act—a wicked deed if you will, but not a cruel one, since every man must die once—I could win all I desired. Fortune had made two men's lots flagitiously unequal. I balanced them."

"Oh, Churchill, it is awful to hear you speak like that. Surely you have repented, surely all your life must be poisoned with regret."

"Yes, I have felt the canker called remorse. I could surrender all good things that earth can give—yes, let you go from these fond arms, be-loved—if that which was done could be undone. And now you will loathe me, and we must part."

"Part, Churchill? What, leave you because you are the most miserable of men? No, dearest, I will cling to you, and hold by you to the end of life, come what will. If it was I who tempted you to sin, you shall not bear your burden alone. Loathe you!" she cried, passionately, looking up at him with streaming eyes; "no, Churchill. I can not think of that hideous secret without horror; I can not think of the sinner without pity. There is a love that is stronger than the world's favor, stronger than right, or peace, or honor, and such a love I have given you."

"My angel—my comforter. Would to God I had kept my soul spotless for your sake!"

"And for our child, Churchill; for our darling. Oh, dearest, if there can be pardon for such a sin as yours—and Christ spoke words of mercy and promise to the thief on the cross—let us strive for it, strive with tears and prayers and deepest penitence. Oh, my love, believe in a God of mercy, the God who sent His Son to preach repentance to sinners. Love, let us kneel together to that offended God, let us sue for mercy, side by side."

Her husband drew her closer to his breast. kissed the pale lips with unspeakable tenderness, looked into the true, brave eyes which did not shrink from his gaze.

"Even I, who have had you for my wife, did not know the divinity of a woman's love—until this miserable hour. My dearest, even to comfort you, I can not add deliberate blasphemy to my sins. I can not kneel or pray to a Power in which my faith is of the weakest. Keep your gentle creed, dearest, adore your God of mercy—but I have hardened my heart against these things too long to find comfort in them now. My one glory, my one consolation, is the thought that, lost as I am, I have not fallen too low for your love. You will love me, and hold by me, knowing my sin; and let my one merit be that in this dark hour I have not lied to you. I have not striven to outweigh that woman's accusation by some fable which your love might accept."

"No, Churchill, you have trusted me, and you shall find me worthy of your trust," she answered, bravely. "No act of mine shall ever betray you. And if you can not pray, if God withholds the light of truth from you for a little while, my prayers shall ascend to Him like ever-burning incense. My intercession shall never cease. My faith shall never falter."

He kissed her again without a word—too deeply moved for speech—and then turned away from her and paced the room to and fro, while she went to her dressing-table, and looked wonderingly at the white wan face which had beamed so brightly on her guests last night. She looked at herself thoughtfully, remembering that henceforward she had a part to act, and a fatal secret to keep—no wan looks, no tell-tale pallor, must betray the horrid truth.

"Madge," said her husband, presently, after two or three thoughtful turns up and down the room, "I have not one word to say to you in self-justification. I stand before you confessed, a sinner of the blackest dye. Yet you must not imagine that my whole life is of a color with that one hideous act. It is not so. Till that hour my life had been blameless enough—more blameless perhaps than the career of one young man in twenty in our modern civilization. Temptation to vulgar sins never assailed me. I was guiltless till that fatal hour in which my evil genius whispered the suggestion of a prize worth the price of crime. Macbeth was a brave and honorable soldier, you know, when the fatal sisters met him on the heath, and hissed their promise into his ear. And in that moment guilty hopes seized upon his soul, and already, in thought, he was a murderer. Dearest, I have never been a profligate, or cheat, or liar, or coward. I have concentrated the wickedness which other men spread over a lifetime of petty sins in one great offense."

"And that shall be forgiven," cried Madge, with a sublime air of conviction. "It shall, if you will but repent."

"If to wish an act undone is repentance, I have repented for more than two years," he answered. "Hark, love, that is the luncheon-bell! We must not alarm our friends by our absence. Or stay, I will go down to the dining-room. You had better remain here and rest. Poor agonized head, tender faithful heart, what bitter need of rest for both!"

"No, dear; I will go down with you," Madge answered, firmly. "But let me ask one question first, Churchill, and then I will never speak to you more of our secret. That hateful woman—you have pacified her to-day, but how long will she be satisfied? Is there any fear of new danger?"

"I can see none, dearest. The woman was satisfied with her lot, and would never have given me any trouble but for this unlucky accident of her son's attempt last night. I will get the man provided for and sent out of the country where you shall never hear of him again. The woman is harmless enough, and cares little enough for her son; but that brute instinct of kindred, which even savages feel, made her fight for her cub."

"Why did you bring her here, Churchill? Was that wise?"

"I thought it best so. I thought it wise to have her at hand under my eye, where she could only assail me at close quarters, and where she was not likely to find confederates—where she could have all her desires gratified, and could have no motive for tormenting me."

"It is best, perhaps," assented Madge. "But it is horrible to have her here."

"The Egyptians had a skeleton at their feasts lest they should forget to make the most of their brief span of carnal pleasures. It is as well to be reminded of the poison in one's cup of life."

"And now go to our guests, Churchill. Your face tells no tale. Say that I am coming almost immediately."

"My darling, I fear you are exacting too much from your fortitude."

"No, Churchill; I shall begin as I mean to go on. If I were to shut myself up, if I were to give myself time for thought to-day—just at first—I should go mad."

He went, half unwillingly. She stood for a few moments fixed to the spot where he had left her, as if lost in some awful dream, and then walked dizzily to the adjoining room, where she tried to wash the ashy pallor from her cheeks with cold spring water. She re-arranged her hair with hands that trembled despite her endeavor to be calm, put on a fresh white muslin dress with infinite flouncings and delicate embroidery, fastened a scarlet *coque* upon her dark coronal of plaited hair, and went down to the dining-room looking a little wan and fatigued, but not less lovely than she was wont to look.

What a mad world it seemed to her when she saw her guests assembled at the oval table, talking and laughing in that easy, unreserved way which seems natural at the mid-day meal, when servants are banished, and gentlemen perform the onerous office of carver at the loaded sideboard; when hungry people, just returned from long rambles over hills and banks where the wild thyme grows, or from a desperate croquet match, or a gallop across the moorland, devour a heterogeneous meal of sirloin, perigord pie, clouted cream, fruit, cutlets, and pastry, and drink deeper draughts of that sparkling Devonian cider, better a hundred times than Champagne, than they would quite care to acknowledge if a reckoning were demanded of them.

Every body seemed especially noisy to-day—talk, flirtation, laughter, made a Babel-like hubbub: and at the end of the table sat the Squire of Penwyn, calm, inscrutable, and no line upon the expansive forehead, with its scanty border of crisp brown hair, showed the brand of Cain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The sixth annual report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, for the year ending June 30, 1873, has just been published, in a stout volume of several hundred pages. The portion of most interest to us is the special report of Mr. William Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, from which we learn that the total yield of the fisheries for the year amounted to $11,794,975, exclusive of the catch of British Columbia, Manitoba, and the northwest territories. It is computed that during the same period the American fishermen have caught on the coast of Canada between six and eight millions of dollars' worth of marketable fish, making the yield more than $18,000,000. This is considerably more than the yield for the preceding twelve months, indeed exceeding it by several millions of dollars. Of salmon, fresh, in ice, there were 504,523 pounds, valued at $75,678, for Nova Scotia; 1,433,188 pounds, valued at $214,978, for New Brunswick; from Quebec 632,758 pounds, valued at $31,637; besides a still larger quantity pickled, smoked, and put up in cans.

The operations in regard to the artificial propagation of salmon are reported as having been very successful, especially at the old establishment at Newcastle, Ontario. About half a million eggs were obtained, and the greater part of them successfully hatched. Other salmon breeding establishments have been started at Tadousac, Gaspé, Miramichi, and Restigouche.

The subject of the protection of lobsters is discussed at considerable length, this interest being of great importance on the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the former Province about twenty, and in the latter twenty-four, factories are in operation, which use about 50,000 tons of lobsters annually, of which about 20,000 tons are canned. The value of the catch in 1873 amounted to $1,214,749. The efforts made by the Canadian government to protect these animals are referred to, especially the prohibition of the capture of spawning females, and of any lobsters weighing less than one and a half pounds.

The subject of the protection and improvement of the salmon fishery is also considered in detail, and a special instance is brought forward to prove that by judicious measures in preventing the too great crowding of salmon nets in streams the yield may be greatly increased. The case referred to is that of the river Moisie, where it is shown that in 1859, with about 15,000 fathoms of nets, the fishery yielded some 75,000 pounds of fish, while in 1873, with only 2500 fathoms of nets, it produced 204,000 pounds.

Mr. Samuel Wilmot, in the same report, states that in the months of October and November, 1873, he laid down 360,000 salmon eggs in the hatching establishment at Newcastle, and that at the end of December there were upward of 300,000 healthy eggs.

Mr. Louis Seebohm, one of the chief photographers who embarked on the *Swatara* in June last as a member of the American transit of Venus expedition, died at Bahia on the 22d of July. He had been extremely ill during the voyage, and was ordered home by the medical officer of the vessel, but died of fever before he could be removed.

The Academy of Sciences in Copenhagen announces the subject for a prize essay, to be addressed to it through its secretary by the end of October, 1875. It desires a memoir that shall collect in chronological order the various determinations of constant quantities that have been used in spherical and theoretical astronomy from the time of the Ptolemys down to the end of the eighteenth century. It will not be necessary to submit to any critical discussion the intrinsic value of the various constants, but simply to give them in as complete a manner as possible. Special researches respecting the proper motions of stars and parallaxes of stars will be excluded, as also will be those relating to the satellites of the exterior planets, and the elements of orbits of comets. It is desired principally to obtain a complete collection of those numbers that have served as the basis of earlier astronomical researches. The memoir may be written in Latin, French, German, Swedish, or English; and the medal to be awarded will be of gold, of the value of 320 Danish crowns.

Mr. Reed, after a residence of four years in Chili, sends to the Bristol Naturalists' Society an interesting account of the physical geography and botany of that country, from which we take one or two items that may, perhaps, be novel. The volcanoes of the Chilian Andes are all to the south of Santiago. The altitude of the snow-line in the latitude of Santiago is estimated at 11,000 feet, but is frequently, according to the author, as high as from 13,000 to 15,000 feet. At a height of between 11,000 and 15,000 feet large patches of snow, possibly forming glaciers, have been noticed by him. The wind at mid-day on the mountain-tops is so strong that it is considered prudent to cross the mountains early in the morning. The height of the Andes affects the rain-fall, by depriving the east winds of a large amount of moisture. North of latitude 35° south the rain-fall at the coast is from 7 to 22 inches annually; but in latitudes 40° and 41° it amounts to from 105 to 115 inches. With regard to the desert of Atacama, Mr. Reed states that we have no reliable knowledge of its rain-fall, but, judging from the best information extant on the subject, it rains about twice in a century, according to one authority, or twice in a decade, according to another.

Mr. Paul Rosa, assistant of Father Secchi at the Roman Observatory, died on the 11th of July, in Rome, at the age of forty-nine. With Father Secchi himself he was for several years at the Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia, where they were in charge of the college observatory. On returning to Rome with Father Secchi he was attached in a similar capacity to the observatory there, and possessing a large fortune, he presented to it a number of valuable instruments, among others an equatorial by Mertz, of eight inches aperture, and a very fine pendulum, and other apparatus. Quite recently he published an elaborate paper upon the apparent variation in the diameter of the sun. A memoir on Donati's comet gained him much reputation.

In illustration of the trade which was formerly carried on between the Indians of the interior and those of the coast, we may remark that in an Indian mound in Ohio, lately explored by Mr. William Anderson, a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution, there were found around the neck of a human skeleton the remains of what was probably a necklace of shells. These were submitted to the examination of Mr. John H. Redfield, of Philadelphia, who decided that they were one of the forms of *Marginella apicina*, Menke—a species which occurs at Tampa Bay, in Florida, on the Gulf coast of the Peninsula, but not noted elsewhere. Even if these occur on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico generally, this shows that such objects were either carried by the collectors to a great distance, or traded for by their subsequent possessor. A fossil species closely allied to this (*M. limatula*, Conrad) occurs as far north as Wilmington, North Carolina.

A new observatory is to be commenced at once in connection with the University of Strasburg, of which Dr. Winnecke will be the director. A refracting telescope of eighteen inches pressure has been ordered. Another new observatory has been founded at Vienna, which will be provided with the most approved instruments. Littrow, the director of the present institution in that city, publishes an interesting history of the old observatory and the work which has been done in it during the past hundred years.

Mr. John E. Gavit, late president of the American Bank-note Company in New York, died at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the 26th of August last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Notwithstanding the constant attention required by his profession, he devoted much time to the subject of general natural history, especially that connected with the microscope, an instrument which he handled with wonderful skill. His attention was drawn at an early age to microscopical investigations from his sympathy with the pursuits of the late Professor Bailey, of West Point; and as a tribute to the memory of his friend he engraved and presented to the Smithsonian Institution for publication a steel plate containing microscopic figures of objects described in one of Professor Bailey's papers ("On certain microscopical objects observed in the Southern States"), and published many years ago by the Institution.

Although never finding time to publish the results of his own inquiries in the direction of science, Mr. Gavit was always noted for his readiness to assist brother naturalists, and to his cordial aid many of our best specialists are indebted for opportunities to carry on their work.

One of Mr. Gavit's favorite ideas was the establishment at Eastport, Maine, of a building fitted up with means and appliances for microscopical research, to which all persons desiring to do so might resort and find an opportunity for study; and it is not unlikely that had his life been continued some years longer, this project would have been realized.

The annual return of the British Museum for the financial year ending March 31, 1874, has just been published, and constitutes a document of much interest. We are informed that the number of visitors during the year 1873 amounted to 576,000, an aggregate exceeded only by the number in 1869. The additions to the library amounted to 66,034, of which 33,744 were distinct works. The number of stamps impressed on articles amounted to 216,228.

Among the most important accessions to the library during the year are, first, a perfect copy of the edition of the *Book of Common Prayer* dated 1603, in folio, commonly called the Hampton Court Book; second, a copy, believed to be unique, of the original edition of Tyndale's *Exposition of the fyrste Epistle of Seynt John*, printed abroad, and issued in September, 1531, while Tyndale was at Antwerp; third, a series of early English books, including *England's Helicon*, 1600; Robert Chester's poem, *The Annals of Great Brittaine*, otherwise entitled *Love's Martyr*, 1611; a poem by John Weever on the *Life and Death of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1601; besides 225 black-letter English ballads printed in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III., forming a valuable addition to the Roxburgh, Bagford, and other collections already in the Museum; fourth, a selection of linguistic books, chiefly from the library of Burgaud des Marets, comprising works in the Basque language, in the patois dialects of France, Spain, and Italy, in Breton, and other Celtic languages; fifth, several hundred additional Russian works of great value; sixth, a collection of Indo-Portuguese works, printed at Goa; and seventh, a large number of Chinese classical and historical works.

The department of manuscripts during the year has been enriched by 4415 pieces, of which 3046 are charters. A long list is given in the return of manuscripts of special interest.

The Oriental department has been considerably enriched, especially in the Japanese section.

In the museum the additions to the department of antiquities have been extensive, Oriental, Greek, Roman, British, and mediæval, as also the Slade and the Christy collections. The Christy collection is especially rich in American antiquities. The accessions to the department of coins and medals amounted to 1605 pieces, the greater part of them mediæval and modern.

In the department of natural history the additions amounted to 30,424, of which 10,644 have been registered in the section of zoology, 18,501 in that of geology, and 12,097 in that of mineralogy. The collections are announced as being in very good condition, although the crowded state of the rooms has prevented the exhibition to the public of any considerable portion. Of the zoological specimens enumerated 231 are mammals, 4359 birds, 258 reptiles, and 1014 fishes, the remainder being invertebrates. Among these the interesting novelties are too numerous to be mentioned in detail.

The botanic department has also received its share of additions, although their precise number is not indicated.

To the department of prints and drawings there have been added during the year 10,015 pieces, of which about 2000 were presented, and the remainder purchased.

The British Museum, as is well known, receives large appropriations annually for the purchase of articles and for the expenses of their arrangement and preservation, these amounting usually to about £120,000, or $600,000. It is the only establishment of its kind in the world that has sufficient funds to purchase whatever is considered of moment, and its growth is consequently steady and rapid. As far as natural history is concerned, the only institution in the United States that could compete with it, with the same means of increase, was the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under Professor Agassiz's direction, and the two museums were not unfrequently simultaneous bidders for some specially desirable article or collection.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"You'd better look out for your hoss's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a traveler. "Why?" said the traveler, nervously pulling up. "Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

An old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years said a barrel labeled "whisky" contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

What is that which is so brittle that if you name it you are sure to break it?—Silence.

A contemporary writes of an individual who was too poor to have his boots blacked, and "trusted he was too much of a gentleman to black them himself;" so they went dirty.

Why is a camel the most irascible animal in the world?—Because he always has his back up.

Can a ship with two owners be called a partnership?

"There was an old family fuel between them," was what a witness in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. The judge asked her if she didn't mean "feud?" and she asked him who was telling the story.

Daniel Drew, being on one of his own steamers, was accosted by one of the passengers, who took him for one of the crew, with "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," replied Daniel, quietly; "the boat belongs to me."

A perplexed Schneider who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared, vociferously, "De coat is goot. Is no fault of de coat. De poy is too tin!"

What is it that goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves?—The road.

Why are sheep the least moral of animals?—Because they *gambol* in their youth, spend much of their time on the *turf*, many of them are *blacklegs*, and they all get *fleeced* at last.

If a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, it is no less true that a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

The lazy school-boy who spelled Andrew Jackson "&ru Jaxon" has been equaled by a student who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first "John Jones," and the rest "do."

As a rule we disapprove of corporal punishment, but at this season of the year we should not be sorry if every poor child could get a good blow in the fresh air.

The remark of a contemporary, that many of our successful lawyers commenced life as preachers, is gracefully corrected by one of the legal gentlemen referred to, who begs leave to state that he began life as an infant.

A delighted hearer observed of a very brilliant talker that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

The sweetest thing in ear-rings is an aquarium of rock-crystal filled with water, in which swim small whales, lobsters, and shrimps.

What does a grocer do with his things before he sells them?—Gives them a weigh.

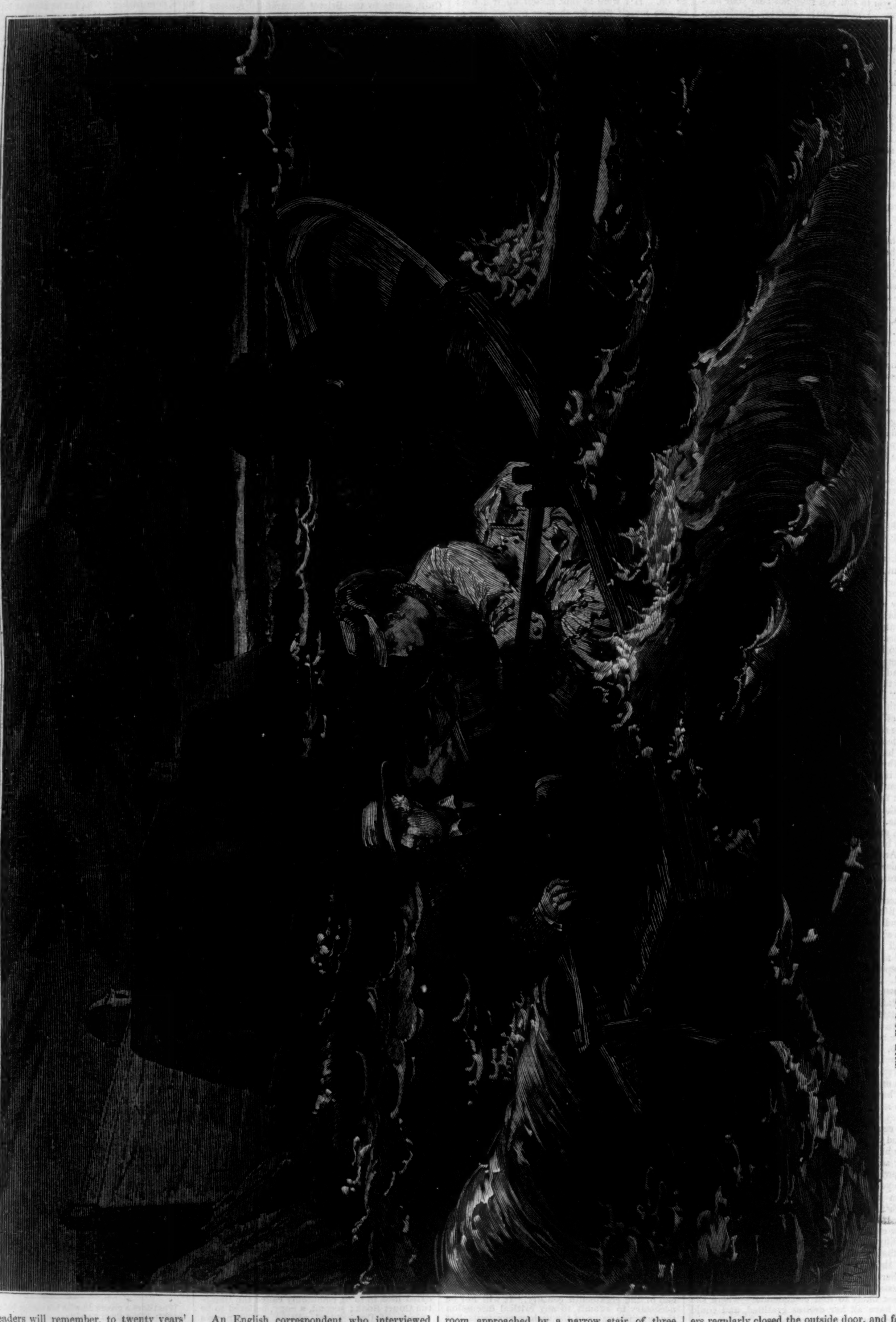
The best shot ever heard of has been made in Calais, Maine, where a gentleman fired, in midnight darkness, at the *bark* of a dog, and the next morning found the animal dead, the bullet having hit him in the throat. The entire race of Englishmen, from Gordon Cumming down to any undistinguishable cockney, may be safely challenged to beat this.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

The escape of Marshal **Bazaine** from the fortress of Sainte-Marguerite, so graphically represented by our artist, took place on the nig t of the 10th of August. He had been sentenced, as our readers will remember, to twenty years' imprisonment for his conduct during the siege of Metz, and was sent to the fortress on the 24th of last December. The island of Sainte-Marguerite lies opposite Cannes, about two miles from the main-land. Some two hundred and thirty years ago it was fortified by **Louis XIV.**, who used the fortress as a prison for persons whom he wanted to keep well out of mischief. There the Man of the Iron Mask was immured for twelve years, and kept as securely as the secret of his name has been hidden.

An English correspondent who interviewed the Marshal soon after his escape obtained from him the story of the hazardous enterprise. We give the account in the correspondent's own words:

"When Marshal **Bazaine** found that he was detained, not in a state prison, but, like the vilest criminal, in a civil one, and that this civil prison, by an excess of caution, had been established within a fortress, he at once made up his mind to get away if he could. Long since he made a garden out of a bank about nine feet from his room, approached by a narrow stair of three steps, and a lobby of five. There was a little veranda at the top. Under this bank ran an old drain, which he cleared out and converted into a hiding-place for the articles necessary for an escape, covering it with flower-pots and a soldier's mess-bowl, in which he had sown mignonette. Under the window of his sitting-room he had managed to get a seat placed, by which, in the daytime, when unobserved, he was accustomed to descend into the garden. After he had retired at night, at ten o'clock, one of the jailers regularly closed the outside door, and fastened the shutters with a strong bolt, while a sentry was stationed in the garden with orders to fire on any attempt at escape. But the Marshal had seen that if before he was locked in and the sentry was posted he could leap out upon the bank,

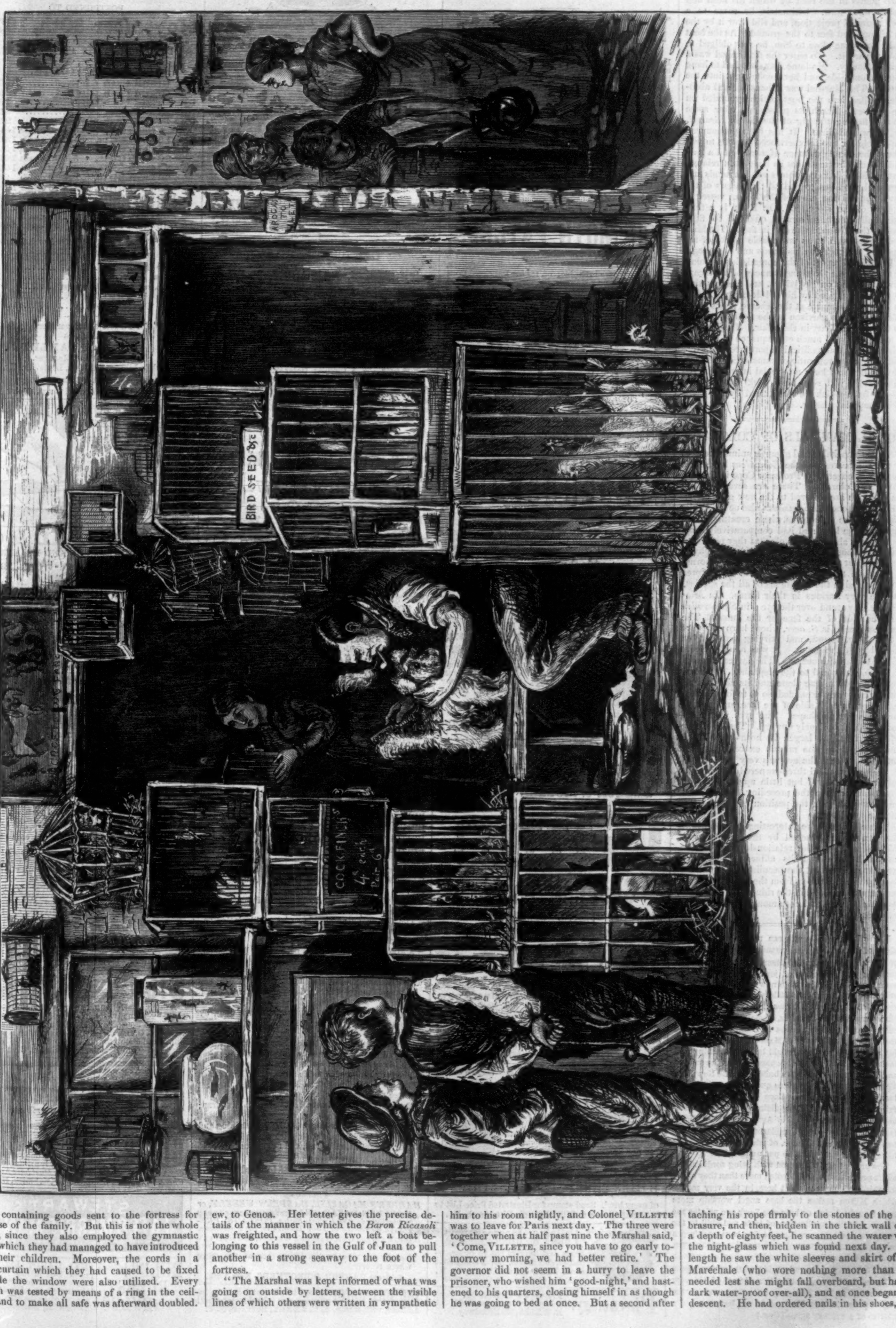


THE ESCAPE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE FROM THE FORTRESS OF SAINTE-MARGUERITE.—[Drawn for Harper's Weekly by M. Miranda.]

he would only have to scale a moderately low wall to reach a reduct, in which, by some inconceivable negligence, an embrasure had been left unsecured on the sea side, and from which, by means of a long rope, he might escape at the risk of his life. The difficulty was to make this rope, a task on which the prisoner and his wife labored for six months. It has been said that they twisted it out of the packing cords from the cases containing goods sent to the fortress for the use of the family. But this is not the whole truth, since they also employed the gymnastic gear which they had managed to have introduced for their children. Moreover, the cords in a tent curtain which they had caused to be fixed outside the window were also utilized. Every length was tested by means of a ring in the ceiling, and to make all safe was afterward doubled. Besides this, the Marshal made a belt like those used by the French firemen, with a slip-ring, and attached to it a hook formed of croquet wire, so that by fixing it to one of the knots of the rope he might rest, if need were, during the descent.

"When all these preparations were complete, the Maréchale, who had gone to Spa with her children, proceeded with M. DE RULL, her nephew, to Genoa. Her letter gives the precise details of the manner in which the *Baron Ricasoli* was freighted, and how the two left a boat belonging to this vessel in the Gulf of Juan to pull another in a strong seaway to the foot of the fortress.

"The Marshal was kept informed of what was going on outside by letters, between the visible lines of which others were written in sympathetic ink. With the aid of a telescope which had been allowed him, and with which he could see the time by the distant clock of Cannes, he saw the vessel send her boat ashore, and recognized his wife leaving it again, but was much disquieted when he found that she and her nephew had no one to help them. Nevertheless, he resolved to make the venture. The governor of the prison was accustomed to keep him company and to see him to his room nightly, and Colonel VILLETTE was to leave for Paris next day. The three were together when at half past nine the Marshal said, 'Come, VILLETTE, since you have to go early to-morrow morning, we had better retire.' The governor did not seem in a hurry to leave the prisoner, who wished him 'good-night,' and hastened to his quarters, closing himself in as though he was going to bed at once. But a second after he had jumped from the window, making use of the seat referred to, taken his implements from their hiding-place in the room, and before the jailer had bolted his door and window, and before—since it was not yet ten—the sentry had been posted in the garden, was at the embrasure of the reduct. It is worth noting here that he wore the belt and hook while he was walking with M. MARCHI. He had no difficulty in attaching his rope firmly to the stones of the embrasure, and then, hidden in the thick wall over a depth of eighty feet, he scanned the water with the night-glass which was found next day. At length he saw the white sleeves and skirt of the Maréchale (who wore nothing more than she needed lest she might fall overboard, but had a dark water-proof over-all), and at once began his descent. He had ordered nails in his shoes, but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the cobbler had done his work so well that he had left no heads to bite the rope. The match incident has been disputed, but it appears that the Marshal had an open box of matches in his waistcoat pocket, and when half-way down secured himself by the hook, and with one hand, making the signal agreed upon with the other. But although this was answered, he was not saved yet, for below the wall he had to encounter those sharp points in the rock by which his flesh and clothes were torn. Ultimately he came to a more rounded projection, and slid over it by the aid of rope and feet to the ground. As the boat could not come close to him, he was obliged to wade toward it. To enter the frail vessel was a great difficulty. Madame BAZAINE had to hang over on one side, and her nephew got into the water. The Marshal was exhausted, and absolutely rolled into the boat, which grounded on the Croisette Beach, its passengers after some trouble finding the gig of the *Baron Ricasoli*, which awaited them. It has been pronounced impossible for two inexperienced persons to pull a boat the double distance of a mile and a half under such circumstances as have been related. But Madame BAZAINE shows you her hands still sore, and promises to call all the sailors of the coast and all the crew of the Italian vessel in support of the story. M. DE RULL is a fine, well-built youth, admirably qualified to fight against the stream, as he did, in fact. The Marshal himself still bears undeniable marks of the rope and the rocks on his hands and right leg."

The official report of the commission appointed to investigate the circumstances of his escape lays the blame on his jailers, and charges that they were instigated by his aid-de-camp, Colonel VILLETTE, to connive at the scheme, if not to facilitate it. The garrison of the fortress are acquitted of complicity in the affair. The Marshal is not a person of much consequence at present. His escape has no political importance whatever, and but for the romantic circumstances connected with it would have no special interest for the public. He will soon sink back into the obscurity from which he was raised by the favor of his imperial master.

FOSSIL MAMMALS OF COLORADO.

SOME remarkable and gigantic animals related to the rhinoceros and the *Eobasileus* have been recently discovered by Professor Cope in the Bad Lands of Colorado. There are seven species, six of which are referred to the new genus *Symborodon*, and one to *Miobasileus*, also new. While related to the rhinoceros, these creatures were higher on the legs, and had comparatively short necks; it is also not unlikely that they possessed a short proboscis. What rendered their physiognomy most striking was the presence of horns, in pairs, on the front of the head. The cores are preserved in the specimens of all the species, and are very various in their forms. In *Miobasileus* they stand over the eye; in *Symborodon* over the side of the face or the snout. The smallest species is *S. acer*, whose horn cores are a foot long, round, and curving outward on each side of the snout. It was about the size of the Indian rhinoceros. The largest species, *S. bucco*, was equal to the elephant. Its horns were flattened in one plane, and its cheek-bones were enormously expanded, so as to form a huge projection on each side of the face, and give the muzzle a wedge shape. The eyes were compelled to look obliquely upward. The *S. altirostris* was nearly as large; its horns were round and straight, and the muzzle exceedingly short and high, so that the eye was very far forward. *S. trigonoceras* had three-cornered horns, which rolled outward, and but little upward. It was little smaller than the preceding. *S. peloceras* had mere knobs in the position of horns. The muzzle was longer.

These animals are interesting as confirming the conclusions reached by the discoverer of *Eobasileus*, as to the relationships of this remarkable form and its affines. The whole structure shows that the peculiarities of *Eobasileus*, by which it differs from the other proboscidians, are to be found in the rhinoceros and these, its extinct allies, and not among the cloven-footed types.

MEN still in middle age can remember when the shops of Bonfanti and Marquand were the cynosures of all who were, or fancied themselves to be, connoisseurs in the æsthetics of jewelry and silver-ware among us. Were it possible now to put one of those once famous Broadway establishments—with all its wealth of elephantine dishes and tureens, of cable-chains and twisted bracelets, of diamonds (rather off-color) buried in heavy hoops of Guinea-gold—beside the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, at 22 John Street (up stairs), the contrast would be both startling and instructive. It would be like passing from the sombre and clumsy masses of such a building as the New York Tombs, or from the graceless quadrangles of her Britannic Majesty's dismal palace of St. James, to the fairy-like traceries and mouldings of that Mohammedan miracle the "Taj" of Agra, or to the delicate fretwork and the storied emblazonry of Giotto's peerless campanile at Florence, of which Charles V. used to say that it "ought to be put under glass."

The present age is charged with being sordid above all its predecessors, and devoted more than they to the worship of Mammon. But here, in the very metals which Milton makes the base angel worship more than "aught divine or holy else," our age refutes the charge. By the application of taste and skill to the goldsmith's art, its products to-day have acquired a value quite independent of, and superior to, the gross value of their avoirdupois; and the shortest purse in New York may command to-day, at these warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, jewels, plate, objects of "bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Malaprop calls them, such as the longest purse in New York could not have secured a quarter of a century ago.—[*Com.*]

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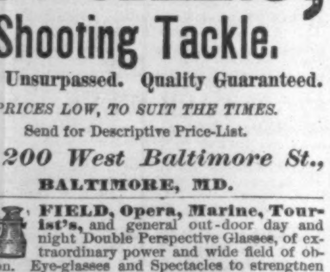

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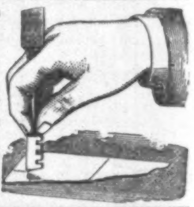

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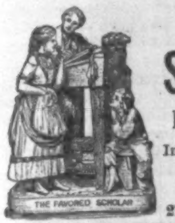

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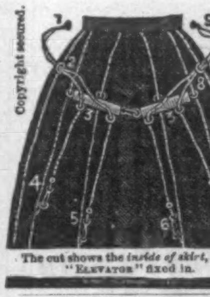

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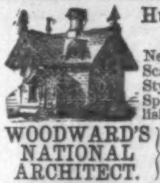

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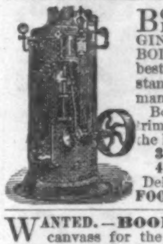

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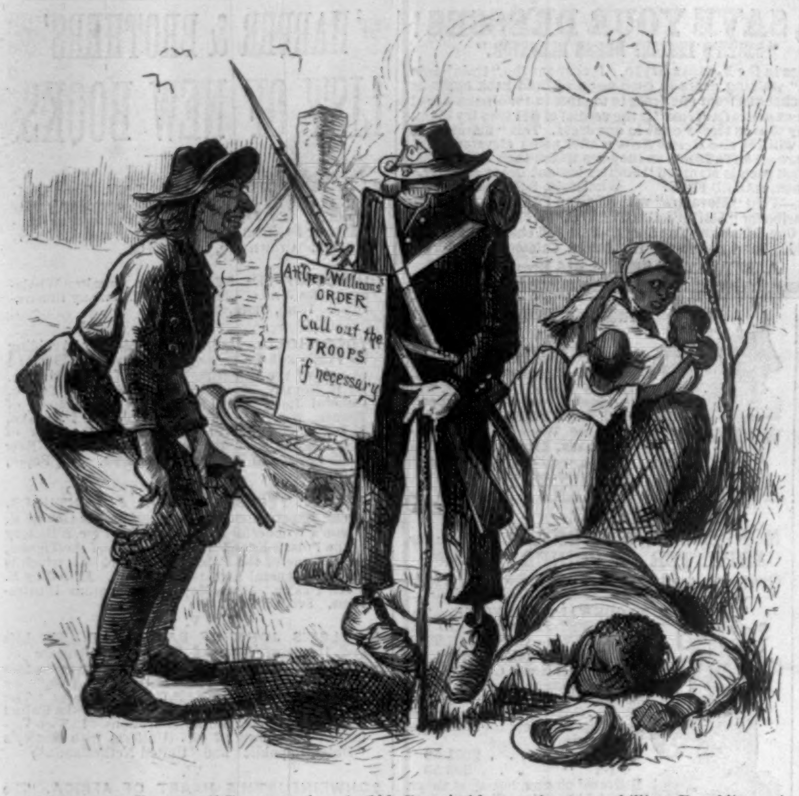
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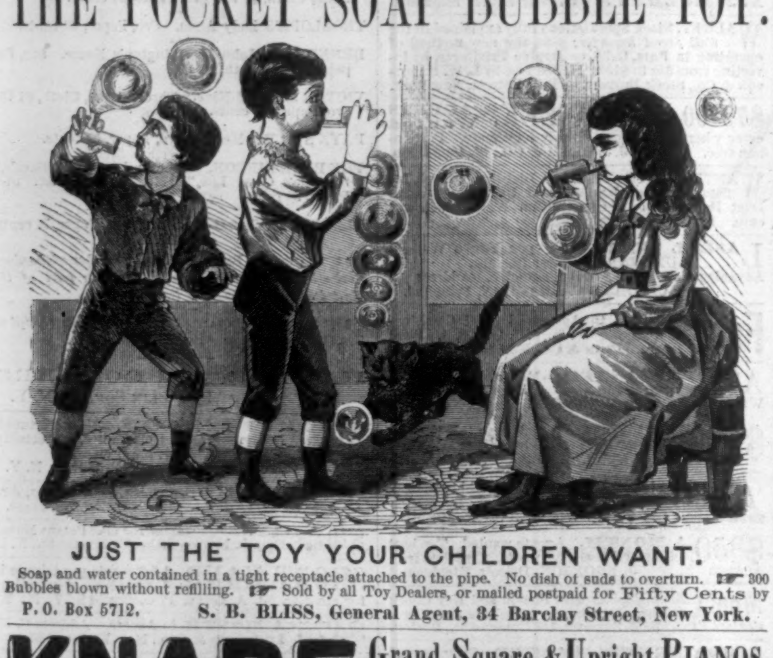

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By much study, a large experience in prescribing this and other medicines, and very close observation, I have been enabled to compound and combine with the simple Extract of Smart-Weed extracts of other medicinal herbs and roots, that greatly improve its power and usefulness, both as an internal and external remedy; besides, they so flavor and modify it as to remove its pungent, smarty taste, and render it *a pleasant remedy for both adults and children.* The greatest difficulty that I experience in the way of introducing this most valuable remedy to the public, is the fact that Smart-Weed is such a common and unpretending looking little herb that people are apt to think that it can not possess any great or valuable medical properties. Had I prepared my Extract of Smart-Weed, put it up and labeled it with some great name, and told the people that the herbs of which it was composed were collected in Africa by the Arabs, carried across the Saharah Desert on the backs of camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean for my special use, and that its ingredients were therefore very expensive, I have no doubt that some would have been thereby inspired with greater confidence in it. But I prefer to deal honestly with the people, and tell them that the chief ingredient of my Compound Extract is the modest little plant seen growing by the roadside, in all parts of North America, and known as Smart-Weed. I believe that God has caused to grow, in each climate and region, those medicinal plants best calculated for the cure of the diseases that prevail in the section of country where those plants are found—that "the leaves were for the healing of the nations," and that the fewer far-fetched remedies we employ the better, if we would thoroughly investigate and understand those we have at home. So far as Smart-Weed has been employed by the medical profession, it has won golden opinions, notwithstanding the fact that heretofore they have had only a very imperfect preparation of it to use, owing to heat being always employed in extracting its properties. A celebrated medical author says: "A friend of ours had an only child dangerously ill with Summer Complaint. He had employed a great variety of the usual means for relief, but all appeared unavailing. The child was finally given Smart-Weed, and it was entirely successful. It arrested the vomiting and purging in a short time, and without the aid of other medicine entirely restored the little patient." As a remedy for Dysentery (or Bloody Flux) I have never seen my Extract of Smart-Weed equaled, yet I have used all the most modern and approved medicines usually employed in that disease. The Smart-Weed is rendered still more efficacious in all Bowel Complaints, Cramps, and Pains in the Stomach, by reason of the Jamaica Ginger, which, with other valuable ingredients, is compounded with the Smart-Weed in making my Extract—hence the name *Compound* Extract of Smart-Weed. The Ginger and other ingredients not only add greatly to the value of the Smart-Weed as a remedy for internal administration, and render it more pleasant to take by imparting an agreeable flavor to it, but also enhance its value as an external application. In all cases of Diarrhœa, whether acute or chronic, in young or old, as well as in Cholera and Cholera Infantum, the symptoms of which are severe vomiting and purging, feeble pulse, with cold or clammy skin, my Extract of Smart-Weed will give almost immediate relief, and speedily effect a cure. All authors writing upon Smart-Weed speak particularly about a dose of it producing a warmth and peculiar tingling sensation throughout the system. This is especially the case when my Extract is given and indicates a perfect arousing of the whole system, as if from inaction and sleep, and resembles a shock of electricity, only that it is more lasting in effect. The whole system and its various functions are aroused to perform their normal functions by its electrical effect upon the nervous system. Hence, too, its great and masterly control over Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, for which it is particularly advised by medical authors, and in which it has performed remarkable cures. It should be used in these cases both externally and internally. Being a great Diaphoretic, or *Sweating Medicine*, aids greatly in relieving pain, but, independently of that, it possesses great anodyne or soothing properties, that render it far ahead of any "Pain Killer," (so called), "Instant Relief," "Golden Relief," or any other pain remedy that has ever been offered to the public. Besides, it is perfectly harmless, which is not the case with many of the preparations patented and put up for sale by Quacks, "Indian Doctors," and those knowing nothing of the delicate and intricate structure of the human system, nor the action of medicines upon it. My Extract of Smart-Weed is not a secret Patent Medicine, no patent having been asked for or obtained upon it, and its ingredients are no secret—all that I claim is that, as an educated and skilled analytical and practical Chemist, I have devised a superior process for bringing out and obtaining the most valuable properties of the plants from which my Compound Extract is made. This I have done only after great expense in erecting machinery for grinding, pressing, and percolating. I wish particularly to call public attention to my Extract of Smart-Weed as a remedy for all Colds, Febrile and Inflammatory Attacks. Nor can I too highly extol it as a remedy for Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and to break up the cold stage of Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever.

As an external application, it is a perfect Panacea, if there ever was one. No family can afford to be one day without it in the house. Besides, it is equally as good for the horse as for man. It subdues inflammation of all kinds. Used as a gargle and applied freely externally to the throat, it is a sovereign remedy in Diphtheria and Quinsy or Inflammation of the Tonsil Glands. To all Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Burns, Bee Stings, Insect and Snake Bites, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Caked Breast, Swollen Glands, Rheumatism, and, in short, to any and all ailments, whether afflicting man or beast, requiring a direct external application, either to allay inflammation or soothe pain, or both, Extract of Smart-Weed can not be excelled. I do not extol this medicine as a cure-all, nor is it necessary to mention all the diseases wherein it will be found to effect cures, as I have said enough to indicate its properties, and the intelligent will at once see wherein its use may properly be extended. Recollect, it is sold under a positive guarantee. If, after using two-thirds of the contents of the bottle, you are not satisfied with it, return the bottle to me and your money will be promptly refunded. Allow me to say, in conclusion, that my Compound Extract of Smart-Weed is a safe remedy in all cases, which can not be said of many medicines put up for sale to the people. So harmless is it that it may be given in small doses of five to ten drops in milk to infants for Colic, and will be far more effective and much safer than any "Soothing Syrup" or "Cordial" ever put up, and will not injure the child as they do. My Extract of Smart-Weed is now sold by most druggists, both in this and many foreign countries.

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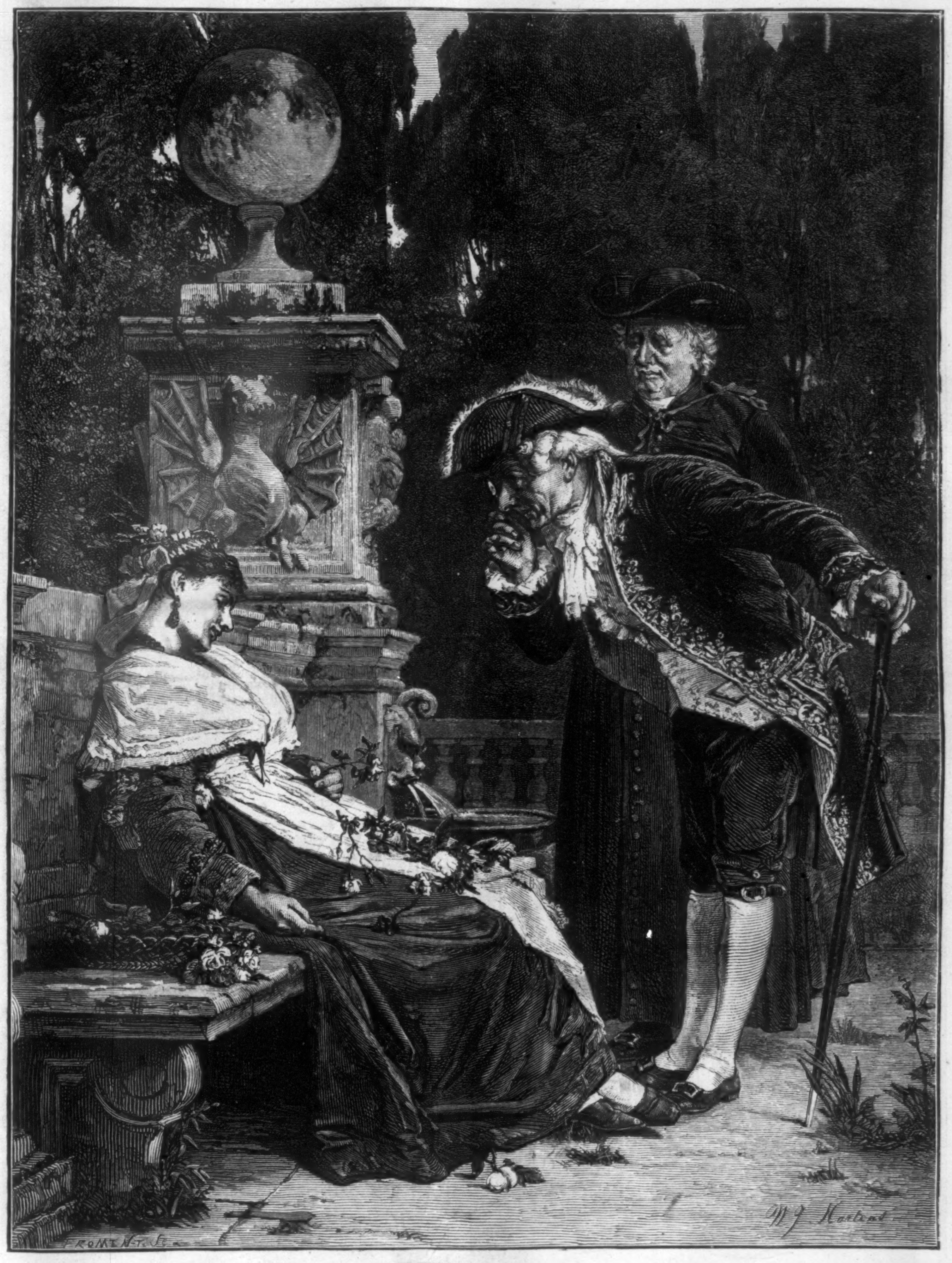


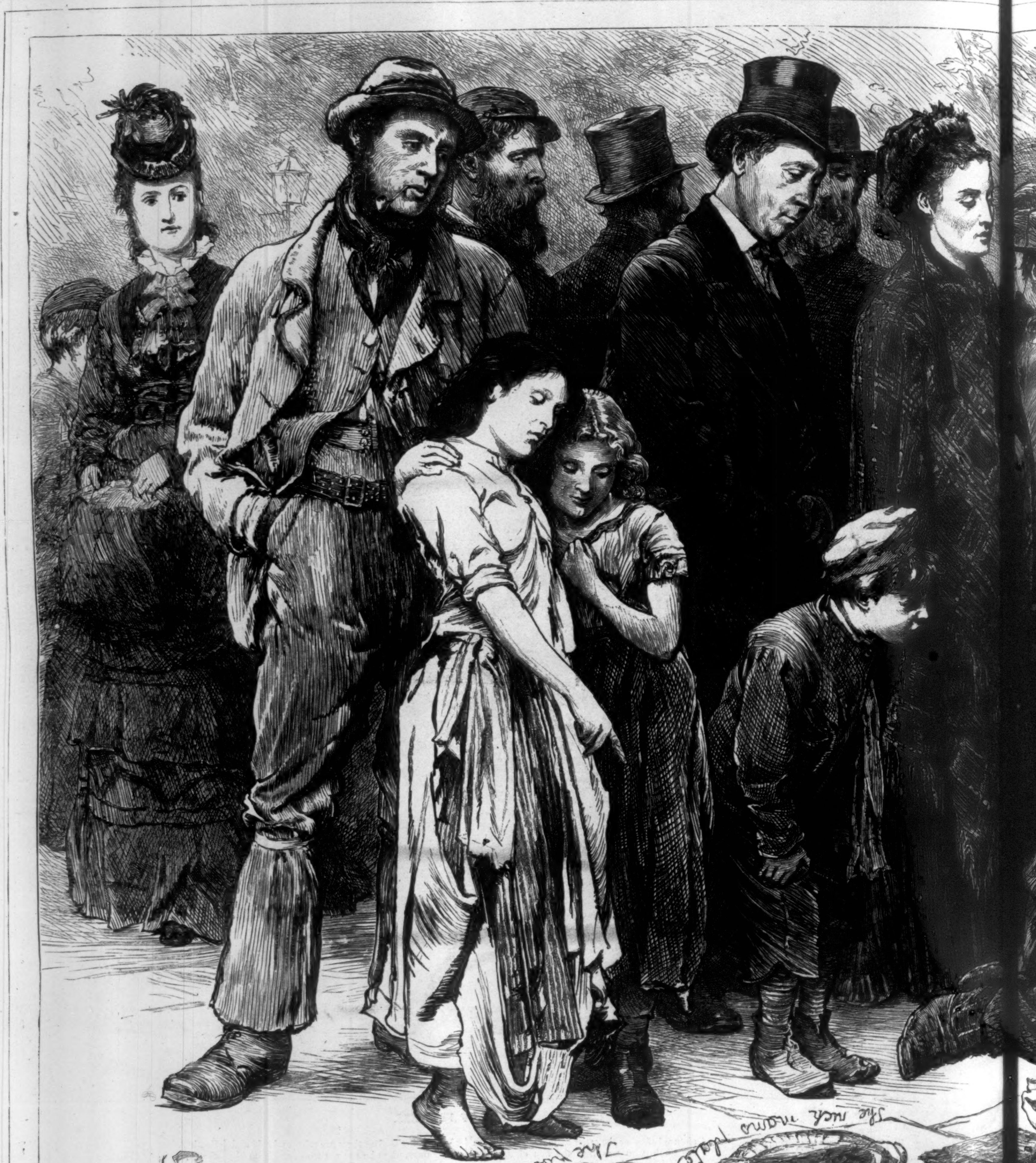
FRIENDS OF FLOWERS.

THE ARTIST ON STONE.

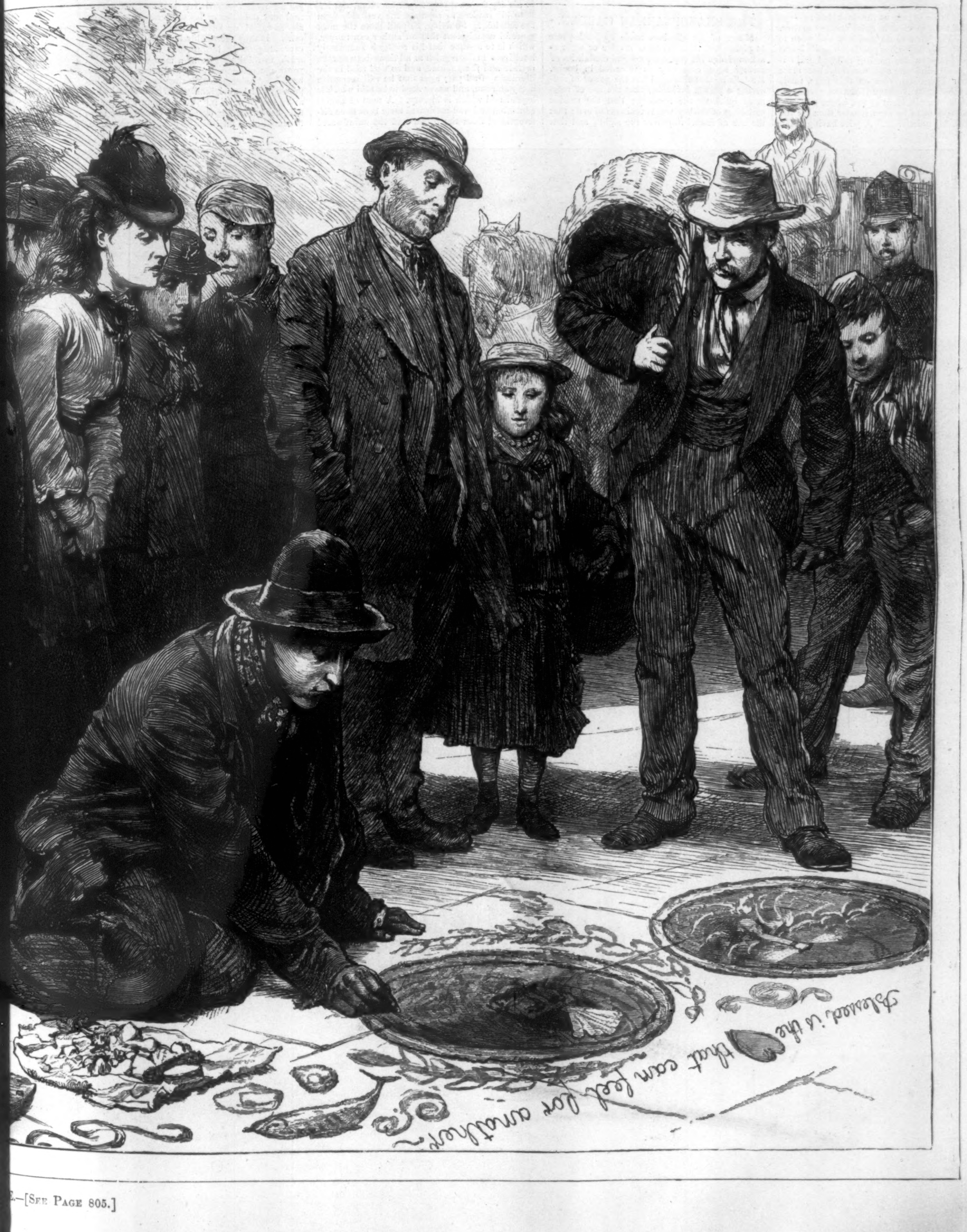
OUR beautiful double-page illustration represents a scene quite common to the streets of London. A strolling "artist" with a certain degree of cleverness for off-hand drawing goes about the city seeking the most favorable localities for attracting the crowds. Here he drops upon the sidewalk, and taking out his crayons, proceeds to delineate his subject upon the smooth surface of the pavement. This he does with considerable dexterity, acquired in the constant use of his pencil. The drawings are all done in colors, often ill matched, to be sure, and quite inappropriate to the subject, but sometimes with admirable fitness and wonderful effect. The subject chosen for illustration is generally that upon which the gossip of the day turns. In the picture before us the artist seems to have chosen the Shah, who was then the lion of the day. He is just putting on the finishing touches to what seems to be a very indifferent likeness of the Persian monarch. But the spectators are pleased—at least there is no indication to the contrary—and if the effort satisfies them, the artist cares but little for the opinion of any one else. Sometimes for variety's sake he will sketch the portrait of one of the by-standers, and if he succeeds in working up a fair picture, he is overwhelmed with applause. But however he may delight in the praises of the crowd, he is by no means disposed to let the matter end there. A glance at the lines he has written above the sketches shows that his object is not so much to win applause as it is to get shillings, and when the weather is fair and the times easy, he gets plenty of both. But there are rainy and cold and foggy days, when he can not work, and then his pockets are empty, and he must go hungry and bedless. Occasionally in the large cities of our own country one of these singular characters makes his appearance, and for a time amuses the people, fills his purse, and then disappears, nobody knows where.

THE FAUNA OF NEW ZEALAND.

IN a paper upon the geographical relations of the New Zealand fauna, Captain Hutton, a well-known naturalist of that country, attempts to show that this is the remainder of a continental fauna, and that there was one epoch during which South America, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa were all connected, though not at the same time; also, that New Zealand became isolated before the spread of the mammals, and has never since then been completely submerged. Subsidence next followed, and the evidence then points to a second continent, stretching from New Zealand to Lord Howe's Islands and New Caledonia, and extending into Polynesia for an unknown distance, but certainly not so far as the Sandwich Islands. Subsidence again followed, and New Zealand was reduced for a long time to a number of islands, upon many of which the moa lived. This was followed by an elevation; these islands became connected, and a large island existed disconnected from Polynesia. This was once more followed by subsidence, and the geography of New Zealand assumed somewhat of its present character.


The poor man's !
The rich man's plate

THE ARTIST ON S E.—[


Blessed is the
that can feel for another.

SE.—[SEE PAGE 805.]